

The Screen Guilds Magazine

- Brian Marlow
 - Crane Wilbur
 - Genevieve Tobin
 - Courtenay Terrett
 - John Paddy Carstairs
- Other Writers & Actors
of Distinction

OCTOBER 1934

VOLUME 1 ♦ NUMBER 7

Price 20 Cents

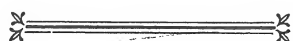
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The Screen Guilds' Magazine

Published Jointly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild

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THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE

is copyrighted in the U.S.A., 1934, by the Screen Actors' Guild and the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America.

Twenty cents a copy.
\$2.00 a year in the U.S.A.

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Issued monthly by the Screen Writers' Guild of the Authors' League of America and the Screen Actors' Guild, at 1655 North Cherokee Avenue, Hollywood, California. Entered as third-class matter at the Post Office at Los Angeles, California, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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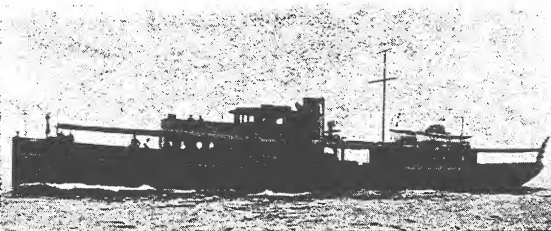
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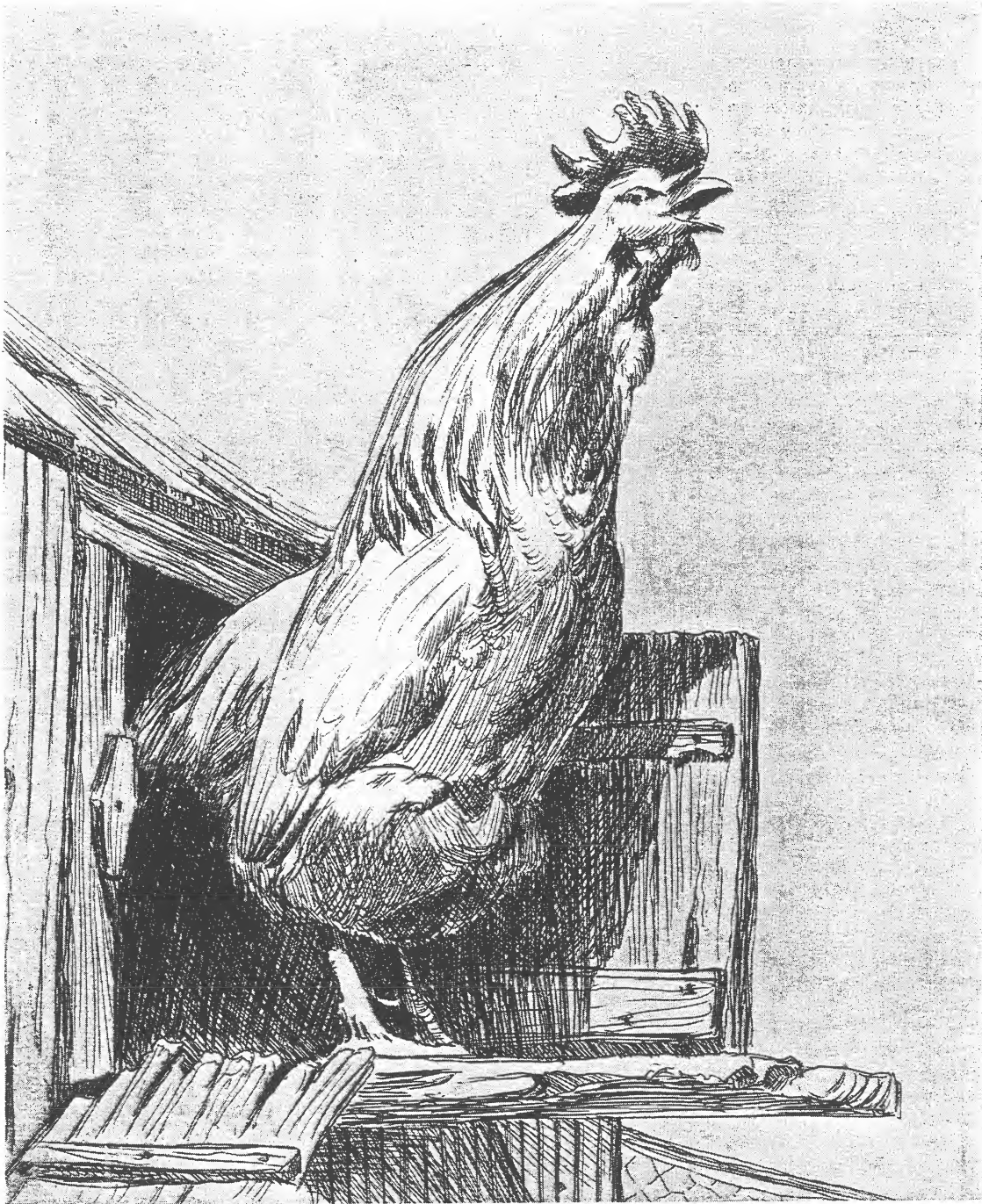
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Present Company Not Excepted

By COURTENAY TERRETT

CARDINAL MUNDELEIN of Chicago announced in Rome last Friday that his 650,000 parishioners might relax—"watchfully"—the moralistic boycott of motion pictures which they and some three and a half million other Americans have maintained for the past six months in protest against pictures which they felt to be ethically corrupt, morally perverse, downright dirty or—in a few cases—merely too aggressively adult.

So ends the first, and most virulent phase of the latest censorship epidemic. The period of acute contagion is past, and the industry finds itself, bewilderedly, grateful to be alive.

What the cost has been no one knows with any degree of exactitude. Box offices have lost millions of dollars, probably not less than \$15,000,000. The producing companies have spent a few odd millions in a frantic, frightened attempt to clean up pictures before release.

But, proportionately, the writers have suffered the greatest loss. Some have lost credits—and thereby employment—through the abandonment of stories which could not be white-washed and sweet-scented. Others have lost by the rejection of stories which ordinarily would have been purchased.

The consequence has been a clamor of cry-baby caterwauling and belly-aching loud enough to deafen, and disgust, our remote Creator.

Writers who for years have made a fancy living by the concoction of cinematic stink-bombs, flopped back on their fat hams and sobbed that censorship was the death of Art. Gag-men whose careers have been devoted to rendering "visual" the anecdotes familiar to pool-room snickerers and high-school pimple-pickers squawked that the blue-noses plotted to lower the Intellectual Level of motion pictures to the understanding of cretins. Feminine specialists in the trade of writing border-line seductions sobbed that the public was afraid of Honesty. Men who never were able to make a competence in any other field of writing, men who drew pay for dictating stuff that made their stenographers blush, cradled their skulls in their hands and muttered this was a crushing blow to Literature.

None of them had the honesty nor the courage to admit that they themselves were largely responsible for the indignant mass boycott of their pictures by millions of normally decent, normally stupid theatre customers.

Most of them blamed the producers, with whose connivance—and occasional instigation—they had carpentered scenes and situations and dialogue and gags which looked and sounded like excerpts

from the clinical studies of Kraft-Ebbing and Freud.

A few were honestly amazed. They had thought such stuff was genuinely funny, or interesting, or dramatic. They were—and are, still—surprised and hurt by the refusal of several million fellow Americans to continue to buy their garbage.

Almost nowhere was there an examination into the true causes of this tidal wave of public censorship, no analysis as to what kind of censorship it was, no searching out of the mental and emotional processes by which the mass had come to take such action.

The book and magazine publishers, the newspaper editors, many playwrights and a few of the Broadway producers, and even a small number of their fellow

ment rooms than by exercise of their brains.

On the other hand, the variety of censorship administered in Kansas, Virginia, Maryland and Ohio has been concerned principally with the moral flavor of pictures. Kansas censors could view with equanimity a scene showing a New York copper getting his lumps from some hoodlums, but grew frothy around the lips at the most delicate suggestion that human beings ever climb into bed for any purpose other than sleeping. The stork-and-rosebush school of censorship had its genesis in the evangelical churches which are strongest in the Middle-west and the South. It has been consistently stupid, often fanatic, and frequently ridiculous.

But the censorship which has stormed and buffeted the industry these past six months has been neither political nor fanatically Puritanical, though it has in some ways taken on a faint tinge of both these varieties.

Primarily it has been a mass demonstration, peculiarly spontaneous, of the American public's innate good taste.

I do not argue that the public taste is notably good. In fact, it is little more than rudimentary.

I merely assert that low as the public taste is, it is higher than that of many of the writers, directors and producers in the motion picture industry. The public's belly, stuffed with cheap fiction, "funny" papers, yellow journals, blue vaudeville and vile burlesque, simply refused to digest a crop of Hollywood pictures.

It was very much like a hog wallowing contentedly in his swill-trough, inadvertently gobbling a stalk of rag-weed, and to his own astonishment vomiting the whole mess.

The hog will continue to eat slops, and many people will continue to go to see off-color pictures, but the smart farmer knows that the best hogs are raised in clean pens, on clean food; and the intelligent producer and writer and director know that greater audiences can be attracted—and greater profits made thereby—from good pictures.

The present censorship wave will, I am convinced, eventually raise the standards of motion pictures and their makers and their audiences. And that means standards of dramatic interest, standards of story telling, standards of technique and taste and . . . yes, even Capital-A Art.

Good writers who have been deteriorating into smoking-car smut-tinkers through sheer laziness and inertia will go to work in earnest to make pictures

(Continued On Page Twenty-seven)

WORDS OF WISDOM

By MAL MERRITT

My son, avoid the egotist, lest he bore thee—for the egotist's motto is an "I" for an "I."

Remember that Opportunity may knock but once—but enemies are more persistent!

Mix highballs with the great, and mix metaphors with the unlettered and thou shall be popular everywhere!

Keep the Golden Rule. For what the world and the picture business needs right now is—more of the Golden Rule and less of the rule of gold!

Only the fool thinks it's smart not to be wise!

screen writers could have explained to them if they had betrayed the slightest real curiosity.

It could be explained, first, that censorship never exists without a reason for its being.

Censorship as we have known it in the decade since the Arbuckle, Reid and Desmond Taylor cases necessitated the establishment of the Hays office, has been of two kinds. In New York, Pennsylvania and Chicago it has been largely political; censorship boards set up by the ruling political machines have not bothered much about the morals of the pictures, but have brutally scissored anything in pictures which seemed to suggest that some politicians are corrupt, that some judges take bribes, that criminals often have powerful business and official affiliations, that the problem of capital *versus* labor is not altogether a fiction invented by Karl Marx, that some Communists bathe and are good to their mothers, or that the police solve more crimes with rubber hose in base-

Escape

HE HAD always feared heights; even a downward glance from a forty-story window, near his desk, brought a breath of panic. Once, when venturing a visit to the top of the Woolworth Building, he dared not look at the city beneath, yet some irresistible force drew him to the parapet and magnetized his unwilling gaze until he glimpsed the awful depth. The sight of it sent him shuddering backward, weak and trembling, a horrible sickness at the pit of his stomach.

That same feeling was with him now and he seemed poised on the edge of a sheer precipice as he watched a grim-jawed, ferret-eyed accountant at work on some books nearby. Those were *his* books, cleverly camouflaged, but bound, by all the rules of mathematics, to eventually disclose a shortage of seven thousand dollars.

It was the luncheon hour, but he had not dared to leave the office, for fear of what would confront him on his return. Most of the office force, with hundreds of other workers from the building, were crowded on the roof-top three stories above, watching for the Zeppelin due to fly over the city at that hour.

He guardedly glanced toward the accountant and found the latter's eyes fixed on him. The steel-trap mouth suddenly opened and seemed about to call his name.

Just then the city burst into blaring, ear-splitting sound, a turmoil that immediately held the attention of the few people left in the room. He blindly followed them as they deserted their desks and ran toward the stairways that led to the roof; anything to escape the sinister accusation he had read in those eyes!

He wormed his way through the crowd on the roof, putting space between himself and the discovery of what he had done. He yearned for wings that he might leave it all behind and find some far escape from those days and weeks of mental torture. It wasn't the punishment he feared so much—a cell would seem like sanctuary to his present state of mind—but it was that fear of momentary discovery, that constant teetering on the very brink of disaster. Presently he found himself at the edge of a low parapet and he gasped as he involuntarily glanced down that sickening depth of forty-three stories.

At that instant the Zeppelin appeared through the mist of a low-hanging cloud. There was an eager shout from the office workers packed on the roof. They crowded to its edge with the vicious

thrust of mob-enthusiasm. He heard a cry of warning, felt the heavy impact of a burly shoulder. The parapet's edge caught him just below the knees, and he was flung outward and over into space, grasping, whirling, plunging—one horror-born cry of despair, one awful instant of sickening terror, and then, ever faster than he fell, thought-pictures came tearing through his mind like night-scenes disclosed by lightning.

"Our Father, who are in heaven" . . .

Margaret, wondering why he was so late!

The little blue clock in the kitchen!

Almost as blue as her eyes!

But of course they would tell her on the telephone!

Tear-faded blue eyes, but how they glowed with love!

A cold-water flat, three flights up, in the rear.

Margaret, faithful, believing.

The grave of their first baby, under a leaning tree.

Margaret's hair, the color of ripe wheat in the sun.

The night their second baby was born!

"Hallowed be Thy Name" . . .

Her cry of agony ringing in his heart! Grocers, butchers, milkmen, light, heat, landlords, doctors—life cost so much!

Her eyes yearning for that mink coat in the store window!

Nose to the grindstone, back bent to the load.

Life cracking the whip!

When I Am Gone

By EDNA SILVERTON

You will not glimpse the moon when
I am gone,
All golden-blurred, and dripping with
the rain,
And guarded by a lonely, brilliant star,
But you will ache to have me there
again.

You will not stretch in ease before the
fire,
In that delicious drowse of banished
care,
Because the flaming, crimson blaze
will throw
My shadow near you, lazing with you
there.

Nor will you find a place where we
have been,
That has no mocking memories of me,
And in your heart I'll live forever,
dear—
(Until your next beloved sets me
free!)

Their boy brought home to them, crippled by the wheel of a truck!

Job upon job, failure upon failure, enough to eat but never enough to live.

The doctor, fat, smug, callous: "Your boy will never walk again."

"Forgive us our sins" . . .

If only he could make enough to buy her a fur coat!

Another doctor, from abroad; peering eyes behind thick-lensed glasses, a guttural accent—he could cure the boy—five thousand.

Life's whip on the raw back, money, money, money!

Faded blue eyes, never complaining, never accusing, always praying—to an indifferent God.

"Thy will be done" . . .

Five thousand!

Days of torture, over a ledger, thinking, hoping, scheming—what use of prayers?

The boy must walk! Five thousand!

As easy to steal seven as five.

"Lead us not into temptation" . . .

How she loved him, an old-fashioned love, giving, giving, giving!

Life owes us a break—a thief's philosophy.

Sleepless nights stalked by fear.

Seven thousand!

Enough left for a rainy day, and that fur coat!

If only he had been able to give her more than just life!

But one doesn't wear fur coats on rainy days!

The operation successful—paid for—the boy would walk!

The accountant called to go over his books.

But youth lived again in Margaret's eyes.

An operation is a good investment for stolen money.

They'd take that fur coat away from her!

But they couldn't take back the boy's life and strength—his father's one bequest.

It is better to be the son of a thief than to be a cripple all one's life!

Margaret would understand—she always understood.

How she had loved him! Can life give a man more than that?

Her eyes were so blue—so wide.

How pretty she looked with that fur collar close about her throat!

His mind raced even faster than he fell, even faster than that which hurtled up to meet him—oblivion, escape!

An Actress' Working Day

By

GENEVIEVE

TOBIN



(Drawing by Raymond Sisley)

PROMPTLY at 10:30, one of the maids quietly opens the door to remind me that it is time to go to work. Usually I do not feel like working in the morning, so I yawn sleepily, draw the silk coverlet over my eyes and go back to sleep.

The maid is well trained and knows without being told that she is expected to phone my director to lay the company off for the day or until I feel like coming to the studio.

At 1 or 1:30 in the afternoon, I have my perfumed bath and a Continental breakfast, after which one of my secretaries comes in with the mail.

Sometimes I go to the club for a few holes of golf, or more often, I must confess, drop into one of the Golden Salons that line Hollywood streets and risk a few thousands on roulette.

This usually tires me—so I return home for a milk bath, after which I take a nap until 7 or 8.

Then—my day really begins!

It often takes an hour to select my costume for dinner.

When my escort calls, we have a few champagne cocktails and *hors d'oeuvres*. Sometimes sixty or seventy people drop in for dinner, or more often I go out to dine, as my place only has thirty rooms and is really too small for entertaining.

After dinner, I make the round of dancing places and, unless things are particularly interesting, arrive home at about 3 o'clock, as I think an actress should not keep too late hours when she is working hard.

This, dear reader, is the accepted no-

tion of a movie star's routine, but is far from the cold and desolate truth.

The facts of the matter—which differ materially from the glorified popular notion—are as follows:

The conventional 9 o'clock "call" means that I must be in the hair-dressing department at 7, which in turn means that I must get up at 6, bathe hurriedly, snatch a glass of orange juice and drive ten miles to the studio. This part of my routine is the same, whether I am sleepy, tired, moody or what-not.

From 7 to 7:45 I sit sleepy-eyed in the hair-dresser's chair, and then go to the make-up room. This means another hour.

By 8:45 o'clock, I am in my dressing room. It takes only about fifteen minutes to get into whatever costume is needed for the first scene.

By 9 o'clock I am on the set. Incidentally, it is a matter of pride with players nowadays to be prompt. It is no longer the movie fashion to keep companies waiting. The business office gets reports on those who do. Here, temperament is figured along with all other unnecessary expenses. Nowadays, Genius is spelt with a "\$".

From 9 o'clock until 12:30 we work and then I return to my dressing room, where my hour of rest and refreshment tired girl!

consists mostly of fitting costumes, seeing interviewers or doing a little last-minute brushing up on my lines for the afternoon.

Often the afternoon's work is not over until nearly 7 o'clock, when I return to my dressing room and realize that

I have eaten practically nothing.

In my weariness, I drop my clothes—rather than take them off. By 7:30 I get my make-up off and start for home.

At about 8, I open the door and from the atmosphere, to which I am keenly sensitive, I know the cook is out of patience. He cannot see why these actresses he reads about should be detained by so prosaic a thing as work.

I do manage to enjoy my one and only meal of the day and gather some measure of strength from my dinner.

I leave the dining room, with the thought of how wonderful it would be to fall into bed. But I cannot.

There is still a lot of studying to do on tomorrow's lines. Sometimes I allow myself the luxury of listening for a half hour to a radio program, to take my mind off my work.

At about 10:30, I drag myself wearily from the tub and toward the bed.

It has no golden canopy; no liveried servant wafts incense toward it with a peacock plume; no diamond-brocaded coverlet gleams in the soft light of an amethyst lamp.

It is just a plain bed—not a movie bed.

And I fall into it. I am an awfully

Hollywood Elegy

DARK was the moss on an Irish tombstone, darker by five years' growing since the sun first had touched its fresh-hewn whiteness. And sleeping beneath it, unable to see the sun, now exposing the brown stains on its inscription, or to hear the thrush perched singing above it, lay forever Roger Collingwood and his mad-cap twenty-four years—for all his having been an Earl, and the sword of the King's Hussars clanking against his brave young boots when he married the prettiest girl in Ireland.

An exact replica of that tombstone, without the brown stains and without the thrush, now stood in a Hollywood studio prop shop. On the set, everyone was apprehensively waiting for Roger's bride, the lovely Eileen Fitzgerald. True, she had signed a contract, but would she really come?

If she faltered, at the last moment, and sent word that she could not go through with it, three men would lose their jobs: Jerry Norris, who had sold the studio the idea of making Roger Collingwood's life; Joe Minter, who had sold them the idea of using the real Eileen Fitzgerald for the feminine lead ("Think of the exploitation angles!"), and Bill Curry, ace publicity man, who had sold the front office into releasing a quarter of a million dollars of advertising before the picture started.

11 a.m., and she wasn't there yet! Everyone on the set (and half the civilized world) knew the story of Roger and Eileen. It had been front-page news five years ago. Even before that, Roger, "the daredevil Earl," had spent half his life in the headlines.

A red and gold sign on his back, astride a prancing white horse, he had ridden around Piccadilly for two hours, advertising a fish-and-chips shop owned by a soldier's widow; he had fought a duel, as a student in Germany, merely because Baron von Kleiber had cast aspersions on English ale; and his audacious spurs once actually had jangled through the stately courtyard of Buckingham simply because an old lady in Surrey had told him she would love to see the King and his good Mary before she died.

At twenty-four, while on a fox hunt in Ireland, his horse had thrown him literally at the feet of the beautiful Eileen Fitzgerald. Roger picked himself up, looked into her dark blue eyes, slowly took off his black cap, still staring at

By

Mary McCarthy

her, and said: "I'm—I'm Roger Collingwood—I'm frightfully sorry to be so abrupt, but I've fallen in love with you—do you think you could manage to marry me?"

Eileen's gay laughter forgave him. She curtsied with mock demureness. "Oh, sir, this is so sudden."

Roger stood there very tall, very serious. "Yes, terribly sudden, isn't it?—but all the lovely things in life are sudden, aren't they?—shall we walk a bit?"

Eileen's father opposed the match bitterly. A series of wild escapades, daring ruses by Roger, but no luck. Eileen would not be of age until February the twelfth. At noon on that day, Roger had to leave for India with his regiment. The night of the eleventh, old Fitz locked Eileen in her bedroom, had the country road leading to his small estate blocked by tree trunks and improvised railings. "Let him try to drive through *that*!"

That evening an old priest came, a young priest with him, very dignified in his glasses, Roman collar, big hat and greatcoat. "Mr. Fitzgerald, this young man has a power o' persuasion—I'm sendin' him up to Eileen to convince her of her true duty." Ten minutes later, a horse's hoofs thundered down the road, disdainfully hurdling all barriers.

At one minute after midnight Roger and Eileen were married. A mad dash in an automobile, a hurried crossing of the Channel, and Roger and his bride were on the ship ready to sail for India.

That night a storm at sea . . . Eileen returned to Ireland a widow. In deference to her, Roger had been buried in Irish ground.

Six months later, an uncle, following the ponies to Agua Caliente, brought Eileen to Hollywood. For four years and a half, she had been living there, now well known in the motion picture colony. Hollywood washed its face and combed its hair spiritually whenever she appeared. She went to its parties, visited its studios, was familiar with its ways and its speech, but remained exquisitely aloof, always a little alone—untouchable. She was a lovely phenomenon—a beautiful young woman unremittently faithful to a dead lover.

Joe Minter had managed to induce her to appear in this picture only because

her people in Ireland had suffered such financial reverses that they needed money badly. Everyone at the studio had agreed that she must not see the script until she reached the set. A night's brooding over the past might cause a complete breakdown. A cathedral-like hush filled the place. A prop boy forgot where he was and started to whistle. The director, now almost unstrung, yelled, "Keep quiet, damn you!" and then blushed because it was he himself who had ordered those signs posted: "*No Swearing On This Stage!*"

Slowly, she entered the set, smiled that same sad, sweet smile which all Hollywood knew, took the script in silence and sat down in a corner to read it. They "shot around her" for an hour, then called lunch. Eileen remained seated alone in the semi-darkness, slowly reading the script.

The company came back from lunch. Every eye glanced at her furtively and noted that she was turning the last page. Suddenly, she stood up. Abe Myer, the producer, peeking from behind a section of beaverboard, nearly fainted when he saw the expression in her eyes. He fled to his office.

Eileen was every inch Collingwood's countess as the long train of her dress swept up to the director. "Mr. Barry! Take me to Mr. Myer's office immediately." Jerry Norris, Joe Minter and Bill Curry cautiously followed them into the office.

The Countess came to the point immediately: "Mr. Myer, I cannot—I *will* not, make this picture!" Abe Myer glared canceled contracts at every employe in his office. As one man, they ran over the script mentally, wondering what had aroused her ire.

Maybe it was that last scene. They had made Roger a crooner, in addition to being a soldier, an Earl, a hunter, etc. As Eileen knelt at his grave, the ghost of Roger appeared behind that now-famous tombstone singing "Love Goes On": or maybe it was some of the speeches Sam Schultz (crack Irish dialogue writer) had written for her father—"And bedad! phwat would I be doin' with a scut of an Englishman for a son-in-law?" or maybe it was the alternate happy ending they had tacked on.

At last, Abe Myer found his voice. "What—what is the matter, Countess?"

Eileen's eyes glistened with unshed tears.

"*Matter?* Why, you've given the whole story to Roger—and cut me down to a mere bit!"

**“Oi--
she’s
lousy
with
charm!”**



**Drawing
by
EDDIE
SEWARD**

Home Towner

By Elmore Brauer

“**D**ONALD DE VERE’s house, you say? Did you hear that, Sally? He says it’s Donald de Vere’s house. Say, mister, we knew him when his name was just plain old Freddy Harper back in Milford! Milford? . . . Why, it’s in Kansas . . . darned good town, too! Say, that sure is a swell place Freddy’s got . . . musta cost a lot! It did? Well, I heard he made plenty now. Did you hear that, Sally? He says Freddy’s a big shot. I seen his name on a pitcher once . . . didn’t think much of it, though. Sally said it was downright indecent, but you know how women are.

“So Freddy bosses all of the shows! Well, he always had a gif for gab back

home. I remember when he was a little tyke . . . he always acted sort of funny. I’ve heard tell that these here writers



THE HOME TOWNER

and actors are all that way. They aren’t? Well, that’s what I heard.

“Say, by golly, we oughtta stop and

say hello to Freddy . . . bettcha he’d be mighty glad to see us. You say he’s not home? Ain’t that too bad, Sally? Where’d he go, mister? To Europe? You don’t tell me! What’s he over there for? Oh, a vacation. Why didn’t he come to Milford? Wel, maybe Sally ’n’ me’ll be back some time when he’s home. We will if the crops are good. Say, it was fierce back there this year . . . everything burned up. You gotto go now, mister? That’s too bad.

“Say, if you see Freddy when he comes back, tell him we were here, and if you ever come to Kansas, look us up. Pshaw, Sally, I forgot to ask him his name . . . and I wanted to mail him a postcard from Milford. Hey, mister . . . hey!”

A Producer's Best Friend

By TOM J. CRIZER

WHAT, or who, is a writer? Answer (that is, one which can be printed): A creature, either male or female, not more than eighty-seven and one-half per cent sane, that strives and slaves conscientiously and earnestly for weeks and weeks, sometimes longer, to create something, generally termed a story, but often called other things, that will be one hundred per cent interesting and entertaining to the majority of the multitudes; then, with whatever energy it has remaining, struggles, and argues for months and months and months, sometimes longer, to get its masterpiece presented to the hungry, eager multitudes, exactly as it wrote it—but finding that impossible, the weary creature feebly drags its hand through what little hair it has left, in a sort of dazed, meditative stupor, thereby awaking its subconscious, sixth sense, and, upon hearing the pitiful, pleading cries of the persistent multitudes demanding elevating, satisfying entertainment, is spurred into giving its ALL in a final, desperate effort to get its story presented in some sort of a recognizable state; in which, if memory and imagination is not now too far im-

paired, it might succeed. The foregoing, carefully and scientifically boiled down and translated into English, means, a producer's Best Friend.

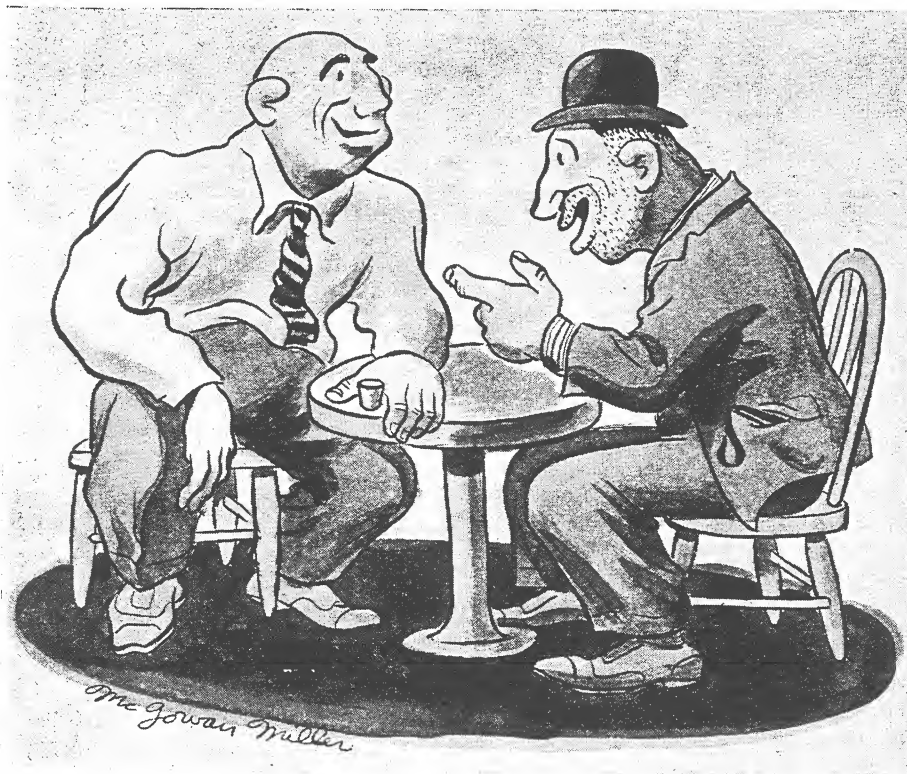
Yes, ma'am, the writer is a producer's Best Friend, and, without question, *vice versa*. For without you'ns and we'ns to furnish the basic foundations, he could not be a producer, and again, *vice versa*. So, boys and girls, don't think for one moment that the producers are maliciously antagonizing you'ns and we'ns, or that they receive any enjoyment, individually or collectively, by having to remodel our stories. No, ma'am, their intentions are quite the contrary. Down deep in their hearts they fully appreciate us and our noble efforts—but they don't dare yield to us! Why? Because they are smart, ambitious men and want to continue producing—not that there's much spinach in producing, but it keeps them in touch with the stock market and off the golf courses—therefore enabling them to make a decent living and preserve their dispositions.

They know why the multitudes continue to pour into the theatres day after day and night after night, and it keeps the producer broke building more theatres to hold them. Certainly, you finally

guessed it—the multitudes continue to jam the theatres in the hope that, some day or night, they might happen to get their entertainment lust completely satisfied. Now, if the producers ever allowed one of our stories to reach the hungry, clamoring multitudes, in its original state, the multitudes would be thoroughly satisfied with the entertainment derived therefrom and would cease coming to theatres. Once a multitudeite has its yen completely satisfied, it stops seeking, forever—they're funny that way about their various yens.

Thus the producers would have to close up shop—dispose of their polo ponies, yachts and ticker-tape machines, and start earning a living. Because the spinach paid by the censors and critics to witness the opuses would hardly be adequate to pay the overhead and leave much profit. So really, the producer is doing you'ns and we'ns a great favor and we don't realize it—otherwise, we'd all have to fold up our pencils, typewriters, poker chips, golf clubs and cuffs, and go to work. So let's wake up and stop wailing over the producers refusing to utilize all of those little, priceless pieces of business. Besides, the producers have a hard enough time as is—finding enough writers for their story-changing conferences. They simply detest having to look into the same, brilliant faces at every remodeling bee—no wonder they become confused at times as to just what yarn the confab is about. That's one fault they're striving to overcome and you'ns and we'ns must help them. We've simply got to wear better disguises at the remodeling bees—if you're only working on five or six different yarns, your valet certainly ought to be able to keep your disguises straight; and not allow you to burst into a powwow on "The Pauper's Billions" wearing the disguise for "The Minister's Moll."

Because every time Sister Confusion engulfs a producer, the picture goes out to the ravenous multitudes, composed of parts from three or four different yarns—that's what causes the inferior pictures, and they always fail to make spinach. The reason is simple, too. The first-night multitudes see the Sister Confusion opus, inform other multitudes of its existence and they stay home to sleep. Past experience has proven to them that it isn't worth the trouble to carry parts of three or four different stories in their minds, for months and months and months, sometimes longer, in the hope of seeing the other parts of the stories; and in some cases they have had to hold sections of yarns in their noodles five and six years, before catching the completed story.



"—an' if it don't click there Butch, I'll send it to "Duh New Poetry."

Lend Me Your Ears

By HELEN DOHERTY

EARLY in the memorable year of 1928 a motion picture producer, successful in gathering praise from critics and drawing cash into the box office, said to me, lugubriously: "I don't know what's going to happen. We've given the public all the simple, basic things that can be told in pantomime. They're tired of them. They're staying away from pictures. We've got to give them something different. We've got to show them what's going on inside of people's minds."

That summer Warner Brothers began turning crowds away at the box office. Warner's stock began to soar. The screen had gone vocal.

With words—as noisy at first as a raucous excursion boat—the picture business rode out the depression more happily, I believe, than it could have in the silent derelict—which, curiously, in the memory of some has become as alluring as a phantom ship.

At first we were afraid of words and in panic took over the technique of an art that had used them long and adequately. We forgot that the stage was limited. We stupidly grafted its limitations and artifices on a medium that has a vastly greater capacity for naturalness. The critics convicted us of mayhem and we, with our eyes on the box office, beat our breasts and admitted our sin. Or thought we did.

But what, really, was our sin?

In 1928, hundreds of pictures were in production—conceived for the silent screen. The public wanted to hear the screen talk and shout and sing and laugh. So we called in the sawbones—dramatists and stage directors—and we said to them: "Make the patient talk." With their eyes on their pay checks and ours on the box office, they performed the operation. Talking sequences and sound effects were inserted hastily and unskillfully. And the patient lived! What mattered a few scars? The patient would outgrow them.

Some critics still yelp, with stupid persistence: "Return to the purity of your art." "Become cinematic again." "Words desecrate the screen." Amusing!

Are the stringed instruments of the orchestra to be muted because in the dim past our ancestors beat the drum? Shall we scourge the artist who first discovered that blowing his breath through a reed produced a pleasant sound? Generation on generation of musicians, by study and practice, have learned to combine the tympani, the wind instruments and the strings, until today we are enthralled by the symphony.



(Drawing by McGowan Miller)

"She's boined up because she didn't get the part of the nun in Colossal's new epic."

Symphony: "A harmonious or agreeable mingling of sounds; figuratively, any concord or agreeable blending."

The screen now places in our hands all the instruments for great dramatic symphonies. Our sin is not in what we use but how we use it. To intrude words into a scene that can be delicately or strongly expressed in pure pantomime or cinematography betrays a lack of taste and balance. To string our narrative out endlessly in cinematic action, when words would serve us more effectively, denotes a lack of vision. Does anyone ever say that pantomime sparkles? Its highest development is found in the clown.

In "Farewell to Arms," after the nurse had been with her lover in the garden, she says: "If I had met him back home, he would have courted me with flowers." Could pantomime have conveyed so effectively the grim, crude haste of war? The remoteness of home and gentle living?

We have to dwell with people and thoughts and emotions to interpret them

skillfully in words. We cannot put into the mouths of well-born women, no matter how gay and abandoned these women may be, the argot of the studios and the newspaper offices and call it smart dialogue. They have a way of their own and if we would portray it we must observe it. Each group within our modern complex society has its own vocabulary. Even when the words are the same, the rhythm is different, and the worst sin of all is to make any of them talk out of character.

If we would create entities that to our audiences have the resemblances of men and women we must create them in their full estate. We must live with them and talk with them, in reality and in our imaginations, until we know how they live and express themselves. And then we shan't have to prod them to make them do our bidding. They will appear magically and completely in that region of the mind that every creative artist knows. They'll live for us and others and they'll weep and laugh and TALK—as people and not as puppets.

The Breakdown of Stamboul

By HARRY ALBEY

PART TWO

Annamarie—at the end of the September installment of this rare and racy breakdown of a script by a property man—had just stepped into a taxi, with the heavy in hot pursuit. Now

BEALL dashes in like a knight of old, takes a motion picture swing at the man. He takes a nose dive. Whistle for cops. Beall pushes Anna into taxi. Tells driver where to go. Hops in.

Int. taxi.

56.

Annamarie, Beall.

Corsage gardenias, pillows for taxi seat to raise them higher.

Beall on the make and Anna glad of it. Wants to show her the view from his bedroom window and she wants to see it.

Beall's Apt.

57-58-59-60.

Annamarie, Beall.

Corsage gardenias, cigarettes, cig. case, wine glasses, wine, trays, 6 chickens fixed with frills (see Schlink), carving set, bread, phonograph (try to sell ours, if not Hindes has a rek. for one with horn), couch, dressing gown, pajamas.

Beall and Anna come in. They are getting to understand each other. They have some wine, then start to undress a chicken (the kind that you eat). They get that springish feeling. Kiss. Fade in on couch. The chicken isn't all that was undressed. Loving. Beall, worn out, drops to sleep. Anna takes a powder. Leaves the gardenias to remember her by. No forwarding address.

Annamarie's Apt.

61-62-63.

Annamarie, Karl, Von, Matahari.

Pract shades, phone, pract bed, tea set, tray, cakes, cookies, pettifours, lemon, passports, train tickets, papers for Anna, cognac.

Anna sleeping with a satisfied look on her face. Sun comes in.

Mata is dragged out of her grave again to have tea. Von comes in. They send Mata to Paris to get shot, as that seems to be the only way to keep her away from the men. Von tells Anna that she must go to Turkey to catch the Bey with his pants down.

Annamarie's Apt.

65.

Annamarie, Franz.

Briefcase, wrist watch, insert trunk label, 5 pieces of luggage, labels, etc.

Annamarie, ready for trip to Stamboul, giving Karl (whose name seems to have been changed to Franz, for traveling purposes) some smart talk, just to show him that she is the boss.

Ext. Berlin street.

66-67-68.

Franz, Annamarie, Beall.

Two cars, all luggage, labels, Anna's briefcase, wrist watch, Beall doctor's bag, over-night bag, car licenses.

Ready for the trip to Stamboul, one car filled with luggage, and Franz. Anna gets into the other car. Beall, like a bad *pfenning* (clever, eh what) turns up. This scene is to show the resourcefulness of Beall.

Anna is the master spy of spy-stricken Europe for whom all the enemy countries are looking, yet Beall, whom Anna wishes to avoid and has cast off—yet he finds her. What a dash of spy blood the boy has in his veins.

Int. Car.

69.

Annamarie, Driver, Beall.

Over-night bag, briefcase, wrist watch for Anna, speaking tube, lap robe, pillows.

A difference of opinion. Beall would like to play some more. Anna holds work above romance.

Berlin station.

70-71-72-73.

Annamarie, Beall, Franz, Extras.

Sign Sc. 70. Luggage, etc., station people, Anna's luggage, over-night bag, wrist watch, briefcase.

Bidding good-bye. The old town don't seem the same with you going away. Beall lets us down rather hard at this point, after giving us the impression that his blood was full of jump. He spent a night with Annamarie, yet he has to point to another couple to show her how to kiss. No wonder she walked out on him.

Int. Compartment.

74-75-76-77-81-81a.

Annamarie, Franz, Beall, Conductor.

Wrist watch, train whistle, briefcase, papers, medical kit, ticket, conductor's receipt book, bags, pocketbook, money, cigarettes, fruit.

Anna in compartment. Knock. It's Beall with doctor's bag. He thought maybe Anna needed a doctor. All the time it's Beall who needs a doctor. When a man risks his neck to follow one woman away from Berlin which has fully half a million women with all their men away at war, well, he certainly needs to go in a monastery, which he says he is going to do. Anna, disgusted with him, gives him the bum's rush.

Int. Dining Car.

78.

Annamarie, Beall, Waiter, Slugs.

Menu, newspaper, food, cocktails, coffee, etc.

Beall disguised behind a paper. Anna comes in. High-hats him. He orders cocktails. She is still uppish. He gets hep to himself. O.K., the cocktail will taste just as good away from her. Takes cocktail and goes out in a huff.

Int. 3rd Class.

Beall, Lowbrows.

The cocktail, salami, garlic, beer, bread, food, bundles, bags, dust, smoke, cork, rocks, blood, crashing windows.

Beall comes in with cocktail, sore. The smell in the air makes him forget Anna. Aeroplanes drop bombs. The heavy garlic air explodes. Raises hell.

82.

Wounded all about. Anna comes in. Beall's manhood shows itself. He takes charge. Doctors the wounded.

(Props: Apron, doctor kit, sheets, bandages, medicines.)

Dining Car.

83.

Beall, Anna, Wounded.

Pillows, bag, sheets, bandages, blood, apron, instruments, medicines, mattress.

Taking care of the wounded, just to show that they are human, also to give an excuse to get over the spat.

Compartment and Corridor—2nd, 3rd.

Annamarie, Beall, Franz.

Same baggage, cut on Beall's arm, bandages, apron, hotel adv. hat, bag, wrist watch, passports, etc., bottle of cologne, shades, cigarettes, telegram, insert Sc. No. 91, brief case, suitcase, full, shades.

Bomb explodes. Rushes in corridor. Beall comes in with a cut on his arm. Anna fixes him up. At the sight of his wound she feels sorry for him. The sight of blood seems to wash all the hardness off and brings the mother out in her. Also she is tired from caring for the wounded. On the strength of this, Beall makes the grade.

Franz paces up and down outside trying to look like a heavy. Anna tells him that she is the boss. Sends him home. Beall will pinch-hit for him. Before going he hands her a telegram telling what happened to Mata Hari when she played with the men. She bounces him before he can hand her the telegram telling what happened to Eve in the garden when she gave Adam a break.

They make plans for a hotel with windows overlooking the BOS. They are very happy over this. If they had only stopped to think, we all know that an undertaker who had a route with windows over the Bos would soon starve to death.

Whistle for Stamboul.

The Technical Advisor

By JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS

A WORD of pity for the poor Technical Advisor . . . he toils a lot, but nothing does he reap! Usually a mild and inoffensive little man, he is universally disliked before he ever appears on the set. He is cursed as much as the average "still man" and everyone is confident that the poor creature is out to wreck his proud handiwork. The Art Director and Set Dresser have a hate of him that is almost deadly, the Prop Men could kill him, the artists dislike his interference in matters pertaining to dialogue pronunciation . . . the only thing anyone ever gives him is a vitriolic look!

The Director knows before the picture ever gets under way that the Technical Advisor is going to get in his hair; already he has squawked about the incorrect and unethical qualities of his six major situations . . . the Script Writers look at him askance because he "doesn't understand dramatic license" . . . and so, pity the wretched technical man, I say; they even think he is earning his money under false pretenses . . . as if anyone in Hollywood dare suggest such an occurrence. . . . It is a question of the pot calling the kettle a colored gentleman . . . lice telling each other they look lousy . . . songwriters telling their rivals that they love each others' songs.

And yet the technical man is a powerful and important personage—or should be . . . insulted, very seldom consulted, inevitably ignored, his is a tough job and I wouldn't have it for many times his pay check, or lack of it. Knowing he is a thing of ridicule, browbeaten, he is, for the most part, a pathetic creature trying to be dignified in a job that has had the dignity razed out of it. The only thing I don't pity him for is that he is an "Executive" . . . and he gets no sympathy from me for that!

I did once know a Technical Advisor who had the courage to tell the company for whom he was working to go to Hell and then walked off the set . . . the thing was unheard of, incredible, nothing short of astounding . . . but he did it. Today he is a new man . . . robust, cheery, captain of his own soul again. He keeps a drug store and delights in poisoning film customers, otherwise the experience did not alter him much, mentally. At least he had the courage to protest; I wish more technical men would protest—it might increase the drug store trade, in turn, thin the overcrowded movie ranks!

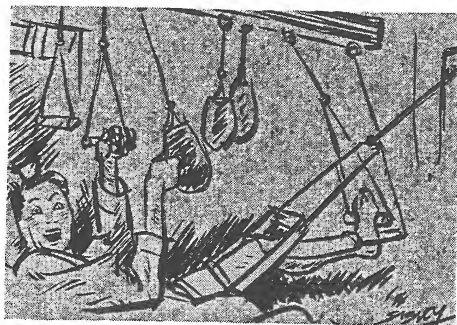
Technical advising is a tough enough job if you are doing right by the company, but it is even tougher when you are advising on a picture you don't know

anything about (not that they pay any more attention to you, anyway!) I knew an Englishman employed technically to advise on a London sequence for a film in the setting and locale of Limehouse (which, as you aliens know, is hardly Park Avenue!) The gentleman in question was a real Pukka Sahib, a blue blood and a white man . . . he had never been near Limehouse and he admitted it, but nevertheless he was told to get on with it and *advise!*

A Technical Advisor on a Malayan drammer walked onto his set not so long ago wearing a beret. He was roundly abused by a none-too-intelligent assistant and told to quit pretending he was a Big Shot. that only directors wore berets . . . which is a good enough reason for me to throw away my beret and dust off my favorite fez.

In a famous London studio, recently, they built a lovely set to the everlasting joy of the production staff. It was supposed to represent a home in Stamboul. So delighted were the studio execs that,

ME AND MY BALKAN FRAME



By HENRY MYERS

Oh many and many a year ago,
There was a Balkan war,
No one knew why they were fighting so,
Nor what they were fighting for.

There was fractured leg and busted joint,
Without any goal or aim,
Till Doctor Who's-This saw the point
And invented the Balkan Frame.

So when in nineteen-thirty-four,
They laid me on the bed,
Right up here on the seventh floor,
Why Doctor Strauss just said:

"His left trochanter has got a crack,
And his hip feels kind of sore,
But a Balkan Frame will put it back,
Hurrah for the Balkan War!"

So the Balkan War was especially good,
Which any nice war should be,
It had a purpose, just as it should,
And the purpose, it seems, was me.

in their childish pleasure, eager to share their success and show off in front of somebody, they invited the Turkish Legation down to the studio for a day's outing. The members of the Embassy were delighted with the lunch, intrigued by the leading lady and fascinated by the set, which, as one of them murmured, was exactly like Sweden! . . . Consternation . . . uproar . . . whispered and excited gesticulations behind royal back-sides. . . . Finally someone summoned up enough courage to query the crack . . . the studio moguls were informed that charming though the set was, it was *not* Stamboul; and the miserable technical man, who had said so all along, was thrown out on his ear!

Not that all technical men are right; there are a few hearties who automatically NG everything, killing dramatic scenes, spoiling effects, lines and so on—things that could be "got around"—in their desire to be a success, they are pests; but the average among them are trying to deliver, so why should not they be allowed to do so? Is not that why they are being paid? (Oh, yeah, under false pretenses, of course!) Many companies employ the wrong men for the job, Chinese junk shop men (who come from San Francisco) to advise on Harbin scenes. (My last trip west, the boat was full of Chinese going to China to see the place for the first time and learn the language! I was not one of these) . . . Englishmen who have lived in the States for twenty years are employed to check on London locations . . . Colonists who haven't seen Kenya for a decade or two tell you about Nigeria . . . Sing Sing men on Harvard stories (this does work out, sometimes!) and Oxford graduates on West Point scripts. Aviators on submarine dramas, Girton gals on Vassar yarns and gridiron heroes figuring out golf shorts don't really give one hundred per cent satisfaction; it is surprising how often the audience today spots mistakes.

British audiences can always recognize an American-made British picture. One reason is, no matter how good the English atmosphere, all you Hollywood producers let the extras wear those very light-colored Californian hats, almost white in shade; and just try a light hat in our climate for a couple of hours sometime, will you!?

Oh, yes, and here's another tip for you: apart from the few eccentrics and a dapper actor or two, the only people carrying walking sticks (canes to you!) in London today—are the American tourists!!

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IN BEVERLY HILLS

9526 Santa Monica Boulevard
CRestview 12121

Extra Millennium

By LESLEY MASON

A new broom has come to sweep out the cobwebs, the dust and dirt said to have accumulated at Central Casting. A herculean task, comprising: abolition of favoritism, rotation of work in the various classes, establishment of a complaint bureau, courteous treatment, the setting up of an extras' committee to confer on problems of the bureau and to make recommendations. Mr. Mason tells you of the man who promises to accomplish these reforms—which will make Central Casting heaven enow.

CAMPBELL MACCULLOCH has drawn the experience which qualifies him to fill successfully the executive direction of the Central Casting Bureau from many fields, of which the motion picture industry itself is but one.

He has distinguished himself, at various times in a long and active life, as one of the pioneer industrial publicists, as a magazine writer, a playwright, as a commercial investigator, a corporation executive, and as an electrical engineer.

It was as an electrical engineer that young MacCulloch graduated from the University of Toronto, and set up in practice in New York City.

Three years later, the then almost virgin but highly promising field of industrial publicity lured him away from his first choice of vocations. As the organizer of the first industrial publicity bureau in this country, he handled promotion activities for William Gibbs McAdoo, J. P. Morgan & Company, and for the Guggenheim Exploration Company, going to Brazil and France in the interests of the latter firm.

Busy as those several years were, MacCulloch still found time to contribute articles to various magazines, and to become the literary father of three plays.

By 1915, the motion picture industry attracted his restless and eager mind. The era of famous plays, famous players and eminent authors had begun to get into its stride. MacCulloch got into midstream with the organization of the Triangle Film Corporation, in which he played an important part. Before he left that concern, he had been, in succession, its advertising and publicity director, business man, studio manager and scenario editor.

Followed an interlude of commercial business, during which MacCulloch made shrewd use of the innate talents he had sharpened and sensitized in the show

world, along the more prosaic avenues of mercantile activity.

In 1919 he became vice-president of the American Business Corporation. Three years later, he represented the American Chemical Manufacturers' Association at Washington with distinct success. The following year he became assistant to the president of the Chipman Chemical Engineering Company. Shortly thereafter he organized and sold the Arsenic Products Refining Company, of which he was president.

With the sale of that firm, MacCulloch returned to his earlier work of industrial engineering and corporation reorganization in New York.

For two years he made headquarters at the M-G-M studios in Culver City, making an exhaustive industrial survey of the institution, and mapping out a complete revision of general practice on the lot.

That work completed, he turned to a series of commercial investigations and reports that kept him busy for several years. During 1929 he edited for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences a work, still unpublished, under the title, "An Outline of the Motion Picture."

When it was decided to bring out a new edition of "The Birth of a Nation," "illustrated" with sound effects, Campbell MacCulloch was the man selected to take charge of the difficult undertaking. At the conclusion of that task, he was called upon to make a survey and outline a plan of reorganization for Universal City.

MacCulloch devised the first budget system used in the motion picture business. The modern trailer is a grandchild of his brain. In 1926 he worked out a system of pre-production editing which has proved successful in its application to the making of pictures.

Those who know his career most intimately are confident that his long and diversified training in the handling of men, women and situations, in both theatrical and commercial life, will make him equal as an executive, to the solution of any problem that may come before him.

Genius In The Raw

By AL MARTIN

"SOB" JONES (as we lovingly call him)—he of the Monstrous Motion Picture Company, cantered into his luxurious private office, and squatted in a rather large chair. His shoulders were also broad.

"What's wrong today, Miss Murphy?" he bellowed at his secretary.

"Well," the secretary nervously answered, assorting some blotters, "Douglas Wentworth hasn't been able to think of a climax for 'The Widow's Revenge'."

"Sob" Jones said several things that Miss Murphy tried not to hear. Then he calmed down and pulled the desk telephone loose from its connection and threw it out of the window.

"For eight months I've been promised that climax!" Jones roared. "All Wentworth, my highest paid scenario writer, gives me—is excuses!"

"Sob" stopped short. Over Miss Murphy's shoulder he saw the heavy-paneled door slowly open. And, there, facing him, was his son, Gregory. "Sob" Jones was always glad when Gregory faced him, because from the rear his twelve-year-old son's ears reminded him of the handles on a loving cup.

"Why aren't you in school?" "Sob" demanded, forgetting the widow and her revenge for the moment.

"I quit, Papa," Gregory bluntly announced, wiping his nose on the sleeve of his coat.

"You what?"

Gregory strutted over to a comfortable chair beside the huge desk and sat down. He asked to be alone with his father. Miss Murphy ran for the nearest exit. Then the child wonder put his feet on the desk and looked at his father questioningly.

"Did you forget our agreement, Papa?"

Jones seemed to look in eight directions at once. "What are you talking about?" he snapped.

"Well," Gregory drawled, "last month you said that if I got a good report card at school you'd make me a supervisor."

"Sob's" jaw dropped. He clearly remembered the proposition, but never dreamed that Gregory could make the grade.

"But there isn't an opening right now"——

"That's a lot of hooley!" Gregory yelled as he jumped to his feet and turned his back on his father.

"Sob" stared at the handles of the loving cup. Presently, he found his voice. "Listen, Gregory," he pleaded, "you're too young to go to work. Besides, a little education won't hurt you any—maybe some day you'll take my place."

Tears of disappointment started to trickle down Gregory's cheeks. "But what will I tell the girls at school?" he whimpered.

"You promised them jobs?" his father wigwagged.

"Yes, Papa," Gregory bawled. Then he threw himself down on the floor and proceeded to kick and yelp, crying as though his heart would break. "I want to be a supervisor—I want to be a supervisor," he wailed.

Miss Murphy stuck her head in the doorway. "Did you call, Mr. Jones?" she excitedly asked.

"No!" Jones waved her out and tried to reason with his son. "But, Gregory—you can't be a supervisor if you cry"—

"Well, most of yours do all the time," Gregory sniffed.

"Sob" was licked. "All right, son—you can be anything you want, but stop crying—stop crying, do you hear me?"

Gregory heard. He dried his tears on the sleeve he previously used.

"Sob" Jones sighed with relief. He smiled, but not for long.

"Now that I'm working for you, Papa," said Gregory hurriedly, "I'd like to supervise 'The Widow's Revenge'. I know you're stuck for a climax," he added quickly, "and I got the climax," he rushed on. "It's a push-over, Papa! *The widow can be rescued by the Marines!*"

"Sob's" eyes opened wide with astonishment. He wept with delight. The Marines rescue the widow! "Tell me, Gregory," the puffed-up father implored, "how in the world did you ever conceive such a clever idea?"

The twelve-year-old genius stood up. "It was simple, Papa," Gregory divulged. "Last night I saw a picture made by your rival, Abraham Fink. It was called 'The Revenge of a Widow.' That's where you got your idea. You used everything in that picture but the ending—and that's where you went wrong! If a picture idea is good enough to steal—steal it all!"

"Sob" beat his desk with his fist and

roared with glee. "Right! It's Fink's greatest picture and I'll steal it all. Grand larceny or nothing!"

Gregory closed his eyes, putting a hand over them. Then he suddenly snapped back to almost normal. His words came slowly, but they came. "You know, Papa," the genius spoke, "when I was six years old I remember that you made a silent picture called 'The Widow Avenges Herself'."

"Sob" nodded. "Yes—yes."

"Well, Papa—that's where Fink got his idea in the first place."

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	Williams, Adolph Bolm
November 8—	Vallin, Chamlee, Pinza,
"Carmen"	Gandolfl, D'Angelo
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Asteroids

Mme. Carrie Daumery

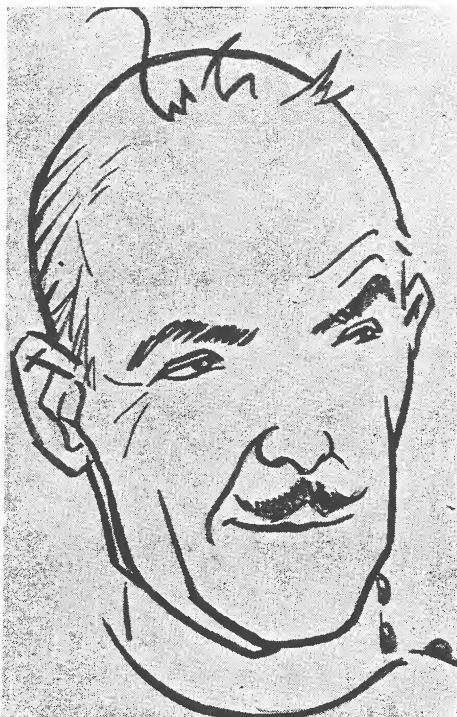
For ten years Mme. Daumery had a little theatre in Brussels—a workshop wherein she produced such plays as met her fancy. Some were by famous playwrights—"The Dream of a Spring Morning," "The Death of Tin Tagiles," "The Red Head," "Christmas Vigil"—and when she could find nothing that pleased her, she wrote plays herself, designed the costumes and scenery, directed and played the principal roles.

Her husband, Theo Ysaye, was one of Belgium's famous composers and pianists. Her brother-in-law, Eugene Ysaye, the virtuoso, one of the world's greatest violinists. Life was very pleasant. Then came the war. . . .



Mme. Daumery believes the little theatres throughout America should be encouraged. There is no other medium so effective for developing talent—both acting and playwriting.

"Also," she says, "the stage is easier than the screen. In acting before the camera, one must use one's imagination to take the place of the audience. One must have the thought." And as she was twenty years on the stage and for ten years has been on the screen, she knows about these things. She has given notable performances as a stock actress at Warner Bros.-First National and in many French versions of American screen plays. Her most recent English speaking part (with accent) was the mad marquise in "Grand Canary"—an unforgettable portrayal.



William Emile

D'Artagnan could have been killed at will by even a mediocre fencer of today, according to William Emile, master of swords. "In the day of the Three Musketeers, swashbuckling lacked science"—and William Emile should know. He has crossed swords with the mighty, has participated in thirty odd duels—on the screen.

Among those with whom he has dueled are Fredric March, Ramon Novarro, John Miljan, Wallace Beery, Douglas Fairbanks, Jack Gilbert, Conrad Nagel, Warren William, and many others including Margaret Churchill and Helen Chandler.

Until 1917 fencing was merely his hobby. He then became a professional. Starting with Fairbanks in "The Modern Musketeer" he appeared in "Come Down to Earth," "Reaching For the Moon," "The Three Musketeers," "Robin Hood."

"The greatest dueling scene on the screen," according to Emile, "was between Warren William and Alan Mowbray in 'The Honor of the Family.'"

Women can be as clever and dangerous with the foils as a man. For skill is required—not strength. "Women are more vicious than men." And Emile should know about this, too, for this fencing master has a dress shop in Glendale, patronized by the women, particularly his friends in the profession. Also he gives lessons in fencing at military academies.

Viewed by
Repput

Lillian Warde

"When one door closes, another opens"—that is why life is so interesting, according to Lillian Warde. No one can say into what ventures the next winding passage will lead.

In silent days she played featured roles. At present, she is doing atmosphere—and this is strange, because her voice is an appealing and important part of her equipment for the screen. At times she sings over the radio. She likes singing, also dancing, horseback riding, swimming, and flying best of all.

She talked at length of the Central Casting Bureau—enthusiastically about the reformation in this important clear-



ing house where human beings should and, she believes, now will be treated as such.

"There is no group of people in any profession more eager, more hopeful, more willing to work, than the small-part player and the extra. They deserve great consideration. Each is an individual—this should be remembered—with all of the emotions of the most favored star."

She talked, too, of the home life of many of these people, of their responsibilities, of their necessity to provide not only for themselves but frequently for others. And in connection with the former, she pointed out the necessity of maintaining a suitable wardrobe and of keeping oneself in good physical condition. "One must always be ready when another door opens."

**Drawn by
Raymond Sisley**

Pert Kelton

The three screen stars on this page glimmered first in vaudeville. Pert Kelton, luminary upon whom the telescope is now being focused, danced into the theatrical heavens at the age of four in darkest Africa. She was born in darker Montana—on her Grandma's ranch.

With her parents, Ed and Susan Kelton, vaudeville troupers, Pert sailed the seven seas, with a wardrobe trunk as her cradle. Later, in London, New York and Boston, she learned readin', writin' and 'rithmetic.

A coast-to-coast vaudeville favorite at the age of fourteen, she was signed up by C. B. Dillingham for a spot in "Sonny." On the opening night she came on the stage at 11:45, the zero hour when



commuters reach for their hats, climb over their neighbors and trample each other in the aisles in their wild rush to catch the last before the milk train to points in Westchester, Jersey and Long Island. Nothing can stop them. But, according to rumor, Pert Kelton did. The next day her name went up in lights—on Broadway.

After two and a half years in "Sonny," she captured a feature role in "5 o'Clock Girl" and, on a visit to Hollywood, purchased a half-interest in a hotel—retitled the "Warner-Kelton"—where she now lives in her own penthouse. In fact, one of her best roles is off screen and off stage—that of business woman. Nor has she a husband on either side of the ledger.

To conclude—she made her screen debut in "Sally" with Marilyn Miller.



Chester Morris

No one was home, so I just sat on the steps, thinking about things in general. As, for instance. I thought: "In every woman are all the women of all the ages. Men are not so complex. Yet this fellow Morris has at least two natures. He's an actor and a good one. He sketches and is something of a musician. On the other hand, he totes a tremendous wallop in both fists—likes boxing, likes all forms of athletics. swimming, golf, tennis. . ."

When still in high school at Mt. Vernon, he did his first flicker role after pedaling to the Tanhauser Company in New Rochelle. Shortly thereafter he appeared in vaudeville with his family, and after touring the country for four years, played stock engagements in Providence, Boston and Washington. Then to New York in "Crime," "Yellow," "Home Towners," "Turn to the Right," and "So This Is London."

Chester Morris made his debut on the screen in "Alibi."

Since then he has appeared in "The Miracle Man," "The Bat Whispers," "The Big House," "Sinners in the Sun," "Red Headed Woman," "Breach of Promise," "Tomorrow at Seven," "Infernal Machine," "Blondie Johnson," "Corsair," "Cock o' the Air," "Golden Harvest," and "Kid Gloves."

Back of him is the stage tradition, bred in the bone. His father, William Morris, was a stage favorite, and his mother, Etta Hawkins, an outstanding comedienne in the Charles Frohman era. Those were the days when the stage wore the comedy mask when it thought of the screen. . . .

.... Stars

Joan Blondell

Each of her first seven birthdays was spent in a different country. Each of the second seven was spent in a different State of these U.S.A. Each of the third seven was spent in a different city. Those, if any, since then, have been spent in Hollywood.

Joan Blondell first appeared in vaudeville when she was just able to walk. She trouped with her father, Eddie Blondell, and other members of the family—off and on—until she was twenty. When she was off the stage, she was going to school. In Denton, Texas, while going to college, she majored in fads and fashions—ran a smart dress shop for collegians. She prepared herself for this work by taking the shortest course on record in a New York department store. She matriculated, punched the clock, went to her counter, waited on one cus-



tomor, took the elevator to the fourth floor, and resigned. Time, 15 minutes

Leaving the family vaudeville, she appeared on Broadway in "Penny Arcade." The Brothers Warner purchased the play and brought Joan and another young genius to the Coast, and when the screen version of "Penny Arcade" was released, under the title "Sinner's Holiday," the motion picture astronomers got their first glimpse of two embryonic stars—Joan Blondell and James Cagney.

Joan first reached stellar heights in "Miss Pinkerton." Then came "Three On a Match" and "Big City Blues."

She likes the screen better than the stage—Hollywood better than any place else on earth—is ambitious to be a celluloid combination of Ruth Chatterton and Helen Hayes. Her favorite actor is George Arliss, her favorite playwright is George Kelly, her favorite composer is George Gershwin. She married George Barnes.

The Writers' Guild

NOVELS

"Love Song," by Rupert Hughes
 "A Woman At 30," by Ernest Pascal (Harcourt-Brace).
 "Red Sun of Nippon," by Herbert O. Yardley (Longmans, Green).

NON-FICTION

"Your Germs and Mine," by Berl ben Meyr (Doubleday, Doran).

PLAYS

"And Let Who Will Be Clever," by Alden Nash (Samuel French).
 "The Wooden Slipper," by Samson Raphaelson (Row, Peterson).
 "Elephant On His Hands," by Vernon Smith (Shuberts).

IN THE MAGAZINES

"How Dumb Is Gracie Allen?" by Clara Beranger (Liberty).
 "The Enigma of Hollywood," by Clara Beranger (Liberty).
 "Sky Whale Courage," by Robert M. Donaldson (War Birds).
 "Calaboose Kid," by Robert M. Donaldson (All Western).
 "The Showdown," by Arthur Kober (The New Yorker).
 "Miss Peage," by Frances Marion (Red Book).
 "But It Isn't Art," by Michael L. Simmons (League of Nations Encyclopedia).
 "Freed By a Guar," by Don Taylor (Outdoor Life).

Assignments

SEPTEMBER

1—Original Story; 2—Adaptation; 3—Dialogue; 4—Continuity; 5—Lyrics; 6—Music;
 *—In Collaboration.

ADAMS, FRANK—R.K.O.

"Portrait of Laura Bales," 2-3-4*; "St. Nick," 2.

ANDERSON, DORIS—Universal
 Untitled, 1-2-3-4.

BALDERSON, JOHN L.—Paramount
 "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," 2-3-4*; "The End of the World," 2-3-4*.

BARTLETT, SY—Warner Bros.
 Modern version of "Green Stocking," 2-3-4.

BERANGER, CLARA—Paramount
 "Carmen," 2-4.

BLUM, EDWIN HARVEY—Warner Bros.

"Tarzan in Guatamala," 2-3-4*.

BLOCK, RALPH—Warner Bros.

"Caliente," 2*; "The Right to Live," 2-3-4.

BUCKLEY, HAROLD—M.G.M.

"West Point of the Air," 3.

BRESLOW, LOU—Universal

"Gift of Gab," 2; "Playing With Fire," 1.

BUFFINGTON, ADELE—Universal

"They Didn't Want Love," 1-2-3-4.

JOHN PADDY CARSTAIRS—M.G.M.

"Manners Make the Man," 2-3-4*; "Paris to New York," 3-4*.

CHANSOR, ROY—Warner Bros.

"Oil," 1-2-3-4*.

COSLOW, SAM—Paramount

"All the King's Horses," 5-6.

DARLING, W. SCOTT—Columbia

"Wise Guy," 1.

DAVES, DELMAR L.—Warner Bros.

"Lady With the Badge," 2-3-4.

DAWN, ISABEL—Warner Bros.

"Not On Your Life," 1-2-3-4*.

DE GAW, BOYCE—Warner Bros.

"Not On Your Life," 1-2-3-4*.

DOS PASSOS, JOHN—Paramount

"Caprice Espagnolle," 2*.

DIX, MARION—R.K.O.

"Lightning Strikes Twice," 1*.

DONALDSON, ROBERT M.—Supreme Pic.

"Fighting Fool."

ERICKSON, CARL—Warner Bros.

"Sweet Music," 3-4*; "Black Hell," 3-4*.

EMERSON, JOHN—M.G.M.

"Riff-Raff," 3-4*.

FIELDS, HERBERT—Paramount

"All the King's Horses," 2-3-4.

GARRETT, OLIVER H. P.—M.G.M.

"The Journey," 2-3-4.

GLASMON, KUBEC—Paramount

"Glass Key," 2*.

GOODWINS, LESLIE—R.K.O.

Untitled two-reel comedy, 1-3-4.

GORDON, LEON—Paramount

"One Night Stand," 1-2-3-4.

GREENE, EVE—M.G.M.

"Live While You May," 2-3-4*.

GREGOR, ARTHUR—Inspiration Pictures

"Ramona," 2-3-4.

GREY, JOHN—R.K.O.

"Lightning Strikes Twice," 1-2-3-4*.

GRUEN, JAMES—Mascot

"The Marines Have Landed," 1-2-3-4.

HAMILTON, GRACE—Universal

"Wake Up and Dream," 5*.

HARRIS, RAY—R.K.O.

"The Enchanted April," 2-3-4*.

HOFFENSTEIN, SAM—R.K.O.

"The Enchanted April," 2-3-4*.

INGSTER, BORIS—Paramount


"One Woman," 2.

(Continued On Page Twenty-Six)

LOS ANGELES' *Favorite Night Spot*
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Apostles to the Gentiles

By BRIAN MARLOW

THERE is one rule which holds good for all organizations of human beings, whether the organization be a guild of workers, a country club, a Rotary, Kiwanis, Lions or Breakfast Club, a W.C.T.U., or a Sing Sing Mutual Welfare League. This rule is that, except in times of crisis, the active, necessary, and always unremunerative work of the organization will be performed by not more than five per cent of the membership. The remaining ninety-five per cent will feel that their loyalty has been amply demonstrated by payment of dues and occasional attendance at meetings. In fact, some of this great majority tend to shade the requirement a bit, holding to the belief that even the payment of dues is the mark of an unreasoning zealot.

This condition is perhaps regrettable, but it undeniably exists and has always existed since the day when Elmer H. Neanderthal knocked over an unwary aurochs and was immediately surrounded by an enthusiastic horde of relatives who slapped him on the back, gave him a vote of thanks and proceeded to make short work of the short ribs.

To be specific, this is a plea for that little group of unsung, devoted suckers known as the Membership Committee. They are the missionaries who go forth into the highways, the studios, and the homes of the infidel. Through their labors the ranks of the faithful are swelled, to the greater glory of the Guild. Their task is arduous, and not a happy one. They endure rebuffs, impatience, a routine of familiar excuses. (The Guild is too conservative; it is an adjunct of Moscow; it has no tennis courts; it numbers among its members Messrs. X and Y.) They encounter the philosophic individualist, that strange creature who fondly imagines that he is self-sufficient in a world gone wildly collectivist. They argue, plead, cajole; they buy lunches for the paynim. It is suspected that they have plied more than one potential convert with liquor; certainly it is not unreasonable to suppose that they have called upon Holy Writ in support of their elequence; though it is piously to be hoped that never has been involved that third commodity which the white man is popularly supposed to have brought to the natives of the South Seas. The result of their work is the present roster of the Guild.

The Membership Committee was named soon after that emotional meeting at the Writers' Club last year, when scores of

writers, stung by the fifty per cent pay cut, rushed to the platform, flung checks about them with the abandon of playboys and pledged their undying loyalty to the Guild—in writing. This was an impressive demonstration and doubtless in some Hollywood front-offices it had a decided *sans-culottes* flavor. But, shortly thereafter, salaries were restored and emotions correspondingly cooled. There was no longer a crisis, the bank moratorium was over, box-office grosses were picking up—in short, the devil was well again. The bulk of the membership settled down to serious polo, yachting and golf, and the business of maintaining and building the organization devolved upon the inevitable five per cent. Since that time the membership has grown from 200 to its present figure of 750.

This is all very well. It is healthy. It is gratifying. But it is not enough. The proportion of Guild members to total writers should be so overwhelming, so 99.4%, that producers will no longer be able to say with a straight face, as one did recently, that the Academy represents the screen writer.

There is one very simple way to bring this about: the Membership Committee should be, literally, a Committee of the Whole. Every Guild member should consider him-her-self a part of this committee. Each month brings newcomers—and consequently non-members of the Guild—to Hollywood. Many of these new arrivals are friends of Guild members. Those members should themselves bring their friends into the Guild, and not leave the job to strangers. A phone call to the Guild office is all that is necessary to secure application blanks and contracts.

This friendly-contact method should be applied as well to the few old-time Hollywood holdouts. Surely they must have *some* friends.

Conciliation Commission

Since the reorganization of the Screen Writers' Guild in April, 1933, the Commission on Conciliation, Arbitration, Ethics and Discipline of The Screen Writers' Guild has handled over 100 cases.

Where writers were endeavoring to obtain cash settlements from studios, the Guild has been singularly successful.

In ten cases charging plagiarism, seven revealed no substantial basis for the charge. The eighth case was a definite one, the theft of material having been

(Continued On Page Twenty-Seven)

THE FUTURE

Bustles, Beer and Bulgar Babe

Quitting his job in a local knitting mill last week, Amos Thwinkle, of Nashua, Mass., announced that he would reopen his father's defunct bustle factory, putting 15 people to work immediately; "Never would beer have made a hit with American womanhood if it wasn't for Mae West," (who, by the way, never touches it) declared Brewmeister Adolph Keller, at the A.B.A. convention in Cincinnati; and at Philippolis, Bulgaria, a girl child born in the Czar Boris Theatre during the first local showing of "She Done Him Wrong" was promptly named Mae West Dubrojakoff.

In Hollywood, meanwhile, the real Mae West hummed "My old flame, I don't even remember his name" * as she swished her much-sought-after



MAE WEST

A \$250,000 autograph provides for a studioless Hollywood

autograph across a document that provides her with a future as well-padded and softly-cushioned as the dainty lady herself.

Noted off-screen for a sagacity as great as her allure before the camera, La West had just signed a quarter-of-a-million-dollar annuity contract with Benjamin Leven, Hollywood annuity counsellor. (who Sept. 1 was elected vice-president of the Pacific Southwest Department of potent, 89-year-old New York Life).

Should the world wake tomorrow suddenly devoid of film theatres and studios, Miss West, with a four-figure weekly income from her annuity, need never wrinkle her alabaster brow over her future. Should stocks, bonds, banks or other investments demonstrate (as they have often in the past five years) that all is not gold that's gilt-edged, Miss West still retains equanimity and sturdy, sure yield from her annuity.

Tailor-Made Protection

Many another cinema celebrity, director, writer and executive has dialed HE 3862** and asked Leven to come up and advise on annuity problems, knowing that he is expert in fitting policies of this nature to each individual's requirements and income. Many a reader of this column, mindful of the future, will do likewise.

*From her latest picture, "Belle of the Nineties."

**Mr. Leven's address is Suite 310, Guaranty Building, 6331 Hollywood Blvd Hollywood, Calif.

The Call Board

THE BALL

THANKSGIVING eve, November 28th, has been chosen as the date of the Second Guild Ball. The place is the Biltmore Bowl and the Committee in charge will be Lucile Gleason, Henrietta Crosman, Genevieve Tobin, James Cagney, Chester Morris, Ralph Morgan and Kenneth Thomson.

Everyone who attended the first Ball agrees that it was easily the outstanding social event of the season. Never before have so many film celebrities been gath-

ered together and surely never before have they enjoyed themselves so thoroughly.

The committee intends to make the second Ball even more spectacular than the first. The Bowl will be redecorated under the direction of Henrietta Crosman and William Haines; there will be two nationally known orchestras, and the entertainment will be what you would expect from our membership.

Full details will be announced in the next issue of the magazine. In the meantime, note the date on your engagement

pad and begin making up your party. The capacity of the Bowl is slightly smaller than last year and only 900 seats can be sold. Tables will be allotted in the order reservations are received and you can assure yourself a good table by telephoning GLadstone 3101 and ordering it now.

* * *

LIFE MEMBERSHIPS

At the last meeting of the Board of Directors the By-Laws were amended to create a special life membership for Class A members. The number of these memberships is limited to fifty. Five of these were taken by the following board members: Edward G. Robinson, Jean Hersholt, James Cagney, Lee Tracy and Robert Montgomery. There are 45 still available and the price is \$250, so if you want to settle the dues question for life, here's your chance.

* * *

FIVE-AND-FIVE

Since the last issue of THE SCREEN GUILDS' MAGAZINE, the Actor-Producer Five-and-Five Committee has held weekly meetings in an attempt to draw up a set of fair practices governing relations between actors and producers under the NRA Code.

While the trade papers have carried several more or less imaginative reports of these meetings, no official statement has been made. The Code provides that the committee's findings shall be made public by the administrator at the conclusion of its work.

It must be remembered that the actor members of the Committee, while members of the Guild, are representing all actors employed in pictures. They have made an effort to obtain information on the abuses common to the industry, and their proposals are calculated to eliminate them without imposing impossible conditions on the producers. The actor members realize that all grievances are not on the side of the actor and have given consideration to the producer's problems.

The best cure for the ills of this industry is plenty of good pictures. Very often the difference between a good and a bad picture is the lack of understanding and cooperation between the various crafts engaged in its manufacture. No one can do his best work when he is suspicious of his employer or his fellow worker.

It would be foolish to expect that any agreement reached by the committee will please everyone. The actor members of the committee will feel that they have achieved their purpose if the final agreement ends the unrest of the past few years and re-establishes in the industry the harmony which is so necessary in the making of good pictures.



Characterization

ACHIEVED BY

PERCERN HAIRPIECE

When you see "The Count of Monte Cristo," Reliance Picture's box office hit of 1934 — remember every hairpiece in that production was a PERCERN—the hairpiece that looks as real as if it actually grew upon the head that wears one.

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The Junior Guild

THE questions most often asked the Junior Guild officers are:

What has the Guild done?

What are you doing now?

What do you intend to do?

What is the Senior Guild doing to help the Junior Guild?

These questions are only natural. Interested members should know the reason we have not answered them before. It has been the policy of the Guild since its inception not to make boastful or threatening statements, but to do the things others talk about.

In the formation of any organization of this kind, after the excitement of the membership drive, there is always a period of waiting. During this period, patience is required and members must understand that everything cannot be accomplished in a day. We are proud of our accomplishments during this period of waiting for recognition.

Our first move was to insist upon strict enforcement of the State law for the protection of women and children in the studios, which has been in force in its present form since 1929. This law has been observed by the studios in a very careless manner. We brought violations to the attention of the Division of Industrial Welfare. Complaints were filed against every major studio, and in every case, after investigation, violators were given a severe warning and orders were dispatched to their production departments to prevent further violations.

As a result, extras today are not kept long hours without food. Hot drinks are served at night. Sanitary conditions are improved, and women are not worked an excessive number of hours. Stricter enforcement of the law has resulted in better treatment for all extras.

Our second move was to bring about an understanding with other studio workers. The producers are united in a strong organization. If workers are to be able to bargain effectively, they must work together. Members of various studio crafts have infringed upon the rights of extras, by taking extra work which belonged to the legitimate extra. Individual protests against this practice were ineffective. This organization protested with much more effect. The first step was during the Longshoremen's strike. Some of the strikers obtained work as extras. The Guild protested to their Union, with the result that a motion picture company was forced to send a "rush call" for extras when the striking Longshoremen were ordered off the set by their own organization.

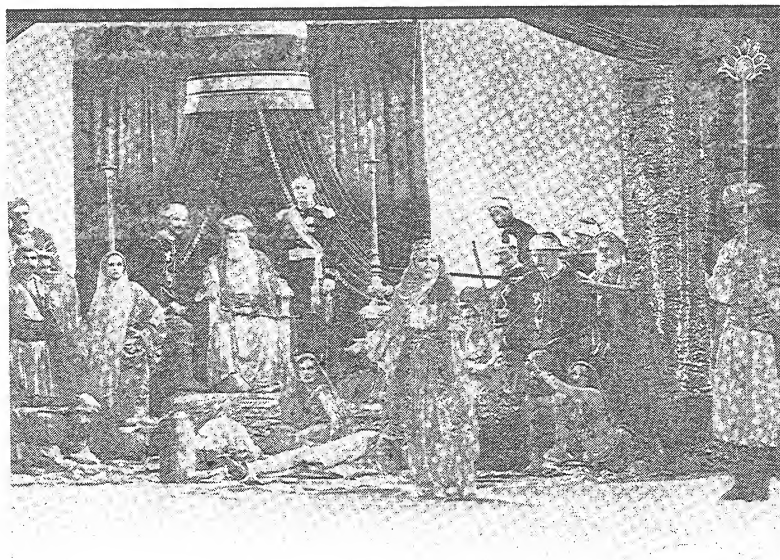
For many years policemen, when off duty, took extra work. The Guild protested to the Police Department and the officers went back to their beats. We have an understanding with the Police Departments of Los Angeles, Culver City, and Pasadena, also with the State Highway Patrol. The other towns seem to be keeping their police at home. If they don't we will pay them a visit.

The transportation drivers were ap-

proached and an agreement was arranged. They are to refuse extra work, and in turn the extras are to stay out of the transportation business. Musicians in their spare time were taking extra work. Their Union was willing to talk terms and the Guild secured more jobs for legitimate extras. The property men and the extras have each infringed upon the other for years, but the future will see them pulling together.

We have also entered into an agreement with the electricians, which provides that they stay behind the lights and we stay in front of them. These

(Continued On Page Twenty-eight)



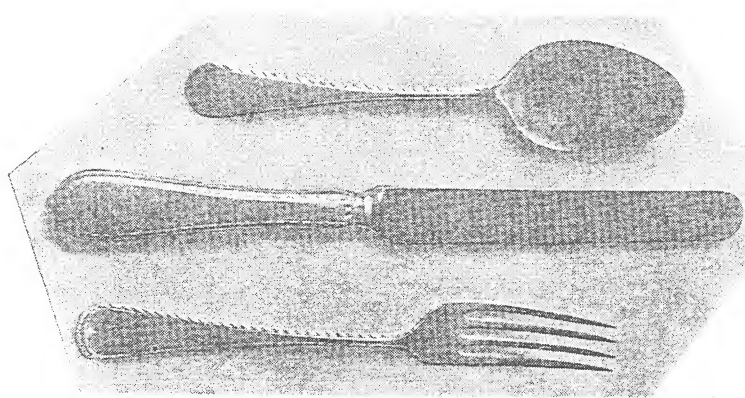
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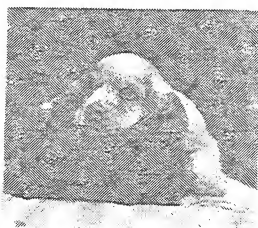
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Fox

By SALLY SANDLIN

THINGS have been happening around the Fox Hollywood studio.

Bob Yost decided he wanted to go back to writing. He did. This naturally left a vacancy at the head of the scenario department. To take care of this situation, Big Chief Wurtzel created a production board to handle the operation of the scenario department as well as certain production matters. Joseph Engel, well known for his motion picture activities, at its head. Milton Schwartz assisting.

Philip MacDonald is dividing his time between an original story based on the Earl Derr Biggers character, Charlie Chan, and a story of international intrigue, temporarily entitled "Twenty-four Hours."

Philip Klein and Bob Yost have finished an outline of Dante's "Inferno." Now busy on the continuity. They are using the present weather as locale.

Bill Conselman and David Butler are deeply engrossed in the further adventures of that twinkle, twinkle, little star Shirley Temple. This one will be called "Bright Eyes." Henry Johnson, laugh master, is collaborating.

Lamar Trotti, the Georgia Peach, is on a tour of the South, getting atmosphere for "Life Begins at Forty." He says Southern gentlemen are more interesting at forty than the Northerners, and so are the mint juleps. Deacon George Marshall accompanied him.

Eunice Chapin, a swell novelist, is trying her hand at continuity writing. She finds it interesting, to say the least.

There is an intriguing Spanish title which turns out to be "Strangers in the Night"—an original by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti.

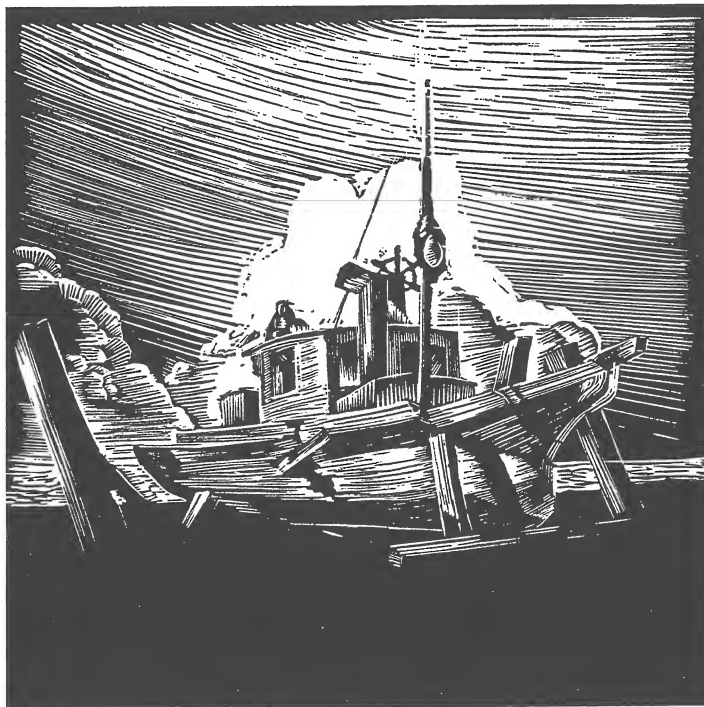
Helen Logan and Robert Neville are putting it into shooting script.

New Actor Members

At a meeting of the Board of Directors on September 20 the following actors were elected to memberships in the Screen Actors' Guild:

Nedda Harrigan	Irvin S. Cobb
Pauline Lord	Florence Fair
Margaret Sullavan	Eddie Quillan
Mischa Auer	Robt. H. Barratt
Queenie Smith	Ray Mayer
Guinn Williams	William Stack

End of the Voyage



(Woodcut by Delmer Daves)

In Memoriam

CLARENCE F. BURTON
TOM BUCKINGHAM
BLANCHE FREDERICI
NEIL PRATT
SCOTT McGEE
THOMAS F. FLYNN
WALTER C. PERCIVAL
LILYAN TASHMAN
JAMES TYNAN
MRS. FREEBRUN
DON MAINE
CHARLES W. GIBLYN
BOB GREY
MIKE DONLIN
SUZANNE WOOD
MARIE DRESSLER

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PARAMOUNT

By M. HARI

DAVID HERTZ, having completed his chores here, has popped East for the opening of his play, "Waltz In Fire," which will be put on by the producers of "Men In White." ... Dos, having cleaned up "Caprice Espanol" and learned about the sternberger things of life, has taken his jungle fever to Cape Cod along with best wishes from all hands for a speedy recovery. ... M. Hurlburd, having been made an Indian Summer bachelor by the departure of the Mrs. for the East, is open to suggestiveness evenings. ... Dudley Nichols, who learned about "Crusades" writing exposes for the late "World," is off with C. B. looking at life through rose-colored glass-bottoms. ... Adela Rogers Sinjon, preparing "Honey Joe" for Maxie Baer, is trying to fit in a part for Enzyme Fiermonte, even if it's a bobup. ... Vincent ("Shakespeare-was-a-palooka") Lawrence, now with Trapper Jones on "Red Woman," once did tennis-and-golf for the Boston "Traveller" ... *quelle degradingolade!* ... The description of the grocery store routine in Jack Cunningham's forthcoming Fieldser, "The Back Porch," took up one page in the script, but the cast and director are having so much fun throwing eggs around and thinking up things to hit Tam Young in the face with that it looks as though they won't finish the picture within the '30s. ... meanwhile the Estimating Dept. is thumbing edged tools. ... Syd Perelman was once an attendant in an insane asylum. ... Tony Veiller's old man, Baddy Bidey Veiller, won't give out the brat's new phone number, the brat having missed several fine scampers in consequence. ... Chas. Samuels, in whose work Ben Hecht has taken a great deal of interest, is working on one yelegt "Sacrifice" ... John Balderston, the latest waiter in the "Lancer" 's mess. ... Paul Gerard Smith most recent incumbent on "Hold 'Em, Yale," the Charles R. ("Not Buddie" Rogers opera.) ... Pat McNutt turning into the lot's script doc. ... 70 writers here now, count 'em, 70.

SAXOPHONE BETTER THAN GUN

CHICAGO, Sept. 18 (By United Press).—When Johnny wants a saxophone, get him one. Let the blue notes waft unrestrained, because Mrs. Elizabeth Surford, child psychiatrist, believes that, after all, a saxophone is better than a revolver.

Aye, give the lad a saxophone
So he can play "Love Thy Neighbor"

And give the folks next door
the gun

And a cannon ... and a sabre.
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M. G. M.

By LEO, THE LYIN'

THOSE Kaffee Klatsch Kapitalists are screaming their lungs out about Uppie Sinclair's promise to grab half their dough. If there were any loyalty in the writing craft, those same babies would go out and work for him! But at the alleged state income tax of 50%, no soap. . . . The Epic control might do one gcod thing, however: move the studios to New York and get us out of this health-giving pep-losing sunshine. . . . Or in the poorhouse.

The older Mank, demanding a secretary, was asked to what he was assigned. "Nothing," he answered. . . . But, if the French government won't put in too much of a beef, they'll put him on "The Bugle Sounds." . . . Gable shooting skeet on Barrymore field, shooting golf with Fairbanks pere at Catalina. . . . Van Dyke boasting he's had more narrow escapes on Hollywood Blvd. than in Africa or the South Seas. . . . Ray Long and Guy Endore helping Tod Browning put the shakes and shivers in a scarem opy.

If you lads would like to learn something about writing musicals, get the script of "The Night Is Young," by Junior Hammerstein, Schulz and Woolf. It's a piparoo. . . . Jack Ruben over from R-K-O to do "Piccadilly Jim," but Benchley and Connolly have fled to N' Yawk, so he's a little hooked. . . . Sam Marx is getting so good at bridge, Chico wants to team with him. Incidentally, now that Zep's an agent, why don't the other three get Ye Scenario Ed, tag him Sammo, and still keep their 4 Marx Bros.?

Fran Marion out of the hosp., still a little shaken, though. . . . Those two Pulitzie lads, Morrie Ryskind and Sidney Kingsley, asked to write Prize scripts—and going all right. . . . They tried to give Sid "The Harbor" to do, but he said that writing "Men In White" once was enough. . . . When Mannix's sect'y stopped John Krimsky from going through the pvt. waiting room, he scornfully said: "But I'm Harry Rapf's assistant." "That's fine," the sect'y said, "but you still can't go through here!" . . . Joe Mank commuting between DOS house and Cedars of Lebanon. Wife sick, but getting better. . . . Howie Estabrook all pooped after six months on "Copperfield" and up at Arrowhead trying to get Dickens out of his hair.

Sid Sutherland went for one of those fruit ranches down at Santa Fe Rancho. It takes him only two and a half hours to get into Culver City! It's like living

in Boston! . . . Kevin McGuinness, after eight successful years in Hollywood, back to where he started: writing for the Marxes! . . . Anita and J. Emerson home from the East. . . . The Spewacks and the Hacketts still there. . . . H. Stromberg taking a two months' leave, which means Meehan and Mahin will have to go, too. . . . Hoppie alleged to be the richest writer on the lot. . . . And at this place, that's *dough!* . . . Missie Watkins screenplaying the Rivkin-Borden fashion yarn.

Gow & North, of 1-Nite-of-Love fame, getting a ticket for the B'way-Melody-of-'35 job. . . . Sid Silvers throwing in a tremendous assist with the funny biz. . . . Ralph Spence still about, now on a football thing for N. Marin. . . . H. Gates and B. Schubert working ahead of Ralphie. . . . After an all-night search, they found Donnie Stewart in a strange limousine following the M. Selznick potty. . . . Ollie Garrett here again, telling great tales of three months in the Old Country. It isn't true that OHP made Lang drop his monocle.

J. Harlow looking for a ghost to do her book which, they say, ought to be published as she wrote it, it's that funny. . . . They're working O. Kruger too hard. . . . Rich Arlen pretty happy to be over, after nine years of the Campus. . . . Not that anyone cares, but F. Lawton and E. Laye are really probably maybe married, it is alleged, indicated, hinted, said. . . . J. Furthman has more Moderns than any collector on the Coast. . . . Rupert Hughes didn't spend much time here. . . . M. Shairp of "Green Bay Tree" fame, here to psychologize "Dolly." He's got nice weather for it. . . . Lane & Adamson back from N'Yawk. They'll get the Rodgers-Hart office when Adrian's new *atelier* is ready. Hope they don't catch Metroitis from those walls.

When Brown & Fried haven't got a tune in the first five, week after week, they figure they're slipping. . . . S. Romberg kissed goodbye by everyone. . . . N. Eddy still making those singing tests. . . . Cole Porter is headed this way as soon as he gets the Wodehouse-Bolton show in the woiks. . . . At a late hour last night, no report was given out on Kahn & Donaldson.

Every morning, the young man has to spray the interior of Joan's new white car with Gardenia erl. . . . T. Jennings, R. Leigh and J. Paddy Carstairs are going to jern the Guild any minute now. . . . Now that Hughie Walpole has the misfortune of being assigned to do the

(Continued On Page Twenty-four)

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Columbia

By JIMOTHY OCEAN

BRIAN MARLOWE has broken all course records by arranging with the Authorities to work at home. . . . Of course, this record is not to be confused with the Two Deans, Risk and Swerl, to do their special heavy lifting for Eddie Robinson's "Jail Breaker" chez Swerl. . . . It isn't an open tournament. . . . Gertie Purcell Jimmie-valentined her way back through that iron door and is trying her nails on "Sure Fire," after taking a deep breath and swearing on "The Genealogy of the Cohn Family" that there's no place like Columbia. . . . Capra just back, twice as brown as the proverbial berry, from a fishing trip to the Thousand Islands as guest of Max Winslow, who, by the way, is suffering from heavy gripes attacks after swallowing some of the carp that he and Max pulled out of the moisture. . . . Max, in fact, so torpid that the gag chair in the commissary failed to make him even twitch. . . . The steno dept. is being enlarged so that writers henceforth will be expected to turn in twice as fat scripts as heretofore and three times prontoer. . . . Bruce Manning, hitherto suspected of being a card-holding mackerel-snapper, took Yom Kippur off, so Frances Manson threatens to declare next St. Patrick's a legal holiday. . . . Manning, incidentally, in collabing with Ethel Hill on "Below the Depths," had great wrestles with their respective consciences to get Jack Holt up off the sea-floor, the masochists! . . . Vera Caspary East for opening of the play she collaborated on with the Ominous Ornitz. . . . Jno. Wexley kept belching about a couch for his studio until they gave him one, and now the bleeding thing has fiery-furnaced up his cubby-hole so horribly he's wishing he's taken some bicarb. . . . S. K. Lauren receiving fl'ars on that "One Night" stand. . . . Joe March back teaming on a sez-you for Holt & Lowe, "2-4-1" . . .

M. G. M.

(Continued From Page Twenty-three)

screenplays of his two tomes the company owns, "Vanessa" and "Capt. Nicolas," maybe he won't pull that line about not being interested in picture writing. . . . Three satiric lads on the lot shaking over what they wrote in the Reporter Anniversary edition. . . . H. Segall gave up Villa Hirschke for a smaller place.

For three issues, this column has had a gag on the end of it which would have panicked the town. For three issues, an advertisement has shortened this column so the gag couldn't run. Now that there's finally room, to Hell with it!

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R. K. O.

By EDWIN MARTIN

IT WAS only 10 o'clock in the morning, so all the writers were there—in the R.K.O. barber shop.

Jack Wagner, working on the "Little Minister" and the man who invented the "gag" stick, was present . . . and Bob Benchley, who is acting and not writing and, therefore, shouldn't be allowed to have a shave.

Allen Scott and Sam Mintz exchanged glances as H. W. Hannemann entered.

Cliff Reid, the producer, owner of fifty-four of the best second-hand Packards in the town, was waiting with young John Twist, his fair-haired writer. Twist, the lad who served for fifteen weeks in Reid's Sub-cellar and finally emerged with a swell script on the "Sea Girl."

Ray Harris was there . . . and Samuel Hoffenstein was making notes on his clean cuff about what he would do for Ann Harding on the "Enchanted April" script. . . . Norman Krasna, his "Romance of Manhattan" off his chest . . . Johnny Grey and Joseph Fields of "Lightning Strikes Twice," were whittling on kitchen matches . . . and Francis Faragoh was talking to himself, doing imaginary scenes from "The Three Musketeers," which will star Francis Lederer.

Now Bill Hannemann had entered and had the floor. Didn't he rate a vacation?

But R.K.O. officials had other ideas—they had decided that the old maestro of "College Humor" fame was just the lad to write the lyrics for a new song—

an important song. It was to be Katharine Hepburn's first tune—the one she was to sing in "The Little Minister."

So, Hannemann had departed to Ensenada to write what he called "The Willful Maiden."

Two days and several quarts later Hannemann and a new beard emerged from Ensenada and headed toward the little old town of Tia Juana, trekking back toward old Cinemania, with the lyric which Max Steiner was to put to music.

Alas, he stopped awhile in Tia Juana—tarried a bit too long—or maybe his new script, "The Silver Streak," based on the lightning-speed, streamline train of this name, had something to do with it. Anyway, his car was reported as doing 80, which rapidly landed him in the police court in said Mexican townlet.

After the trouble was all cleared up, he got into his car and drove, oh, so slowly, toward the hamlet of San Diego. Then—again, alas—he looked into his wallet and found the precious lyric was missing. He turned back, stepped on it, and once more became the guest of the Mexican police.

Yes, he and the police found the lost lyrics. So all had ended happily. But—

At this juncture into the barber shop stalked the bad news—a note from the front office. The lyrics for the Hepburn picture were not in character at all.

Hannemann had read the wrong script!

Among the Indies By LINDSLEY PARSONS

THIS is another one of those very bad weeks around the independent film factories, what with all the writers holding back the good gags for their next script, and nothing much happening to the actors, except for Edgar Kennedy having the misfortune to beat Frank Pope of the Reporter in a golf game, and Edgar being mighty worried now about the review on his next picture.

George Waggnar, having finished helping Eddie Nugent over the high hurdles in "Girl of My Dreams," is moving his typewriter to Union Pictures, where he will script "Ex-Judge." Gertrude Orr has joined Ken Goldsmith's unit at Mascot to do "Little Men." There is a rumor around that RKO is planning to do a sequel to it called "Little Women."

Bud Barsky put 10 writers on the Argosy payroll and then quit. The writers are Jack Jevne, Robert Dillon,

George Morgan, Ray Taylor, Vance Hoyt, Homer King Gordon, Betty Burbridge, Basil Dickey, Stuart Paton and Norman Dawn. Just enough to play the Mascot serial unit for the inter-independent championship.

Chuck Roberts got himself a new job scripting Johnny Miles' story about Wild Bill Hickok, which should have enough killings to satisfy the goriest western fans.

Norman Markwell is doing "Port of Lost Dreams" for Invincible. John Krafft, who wrote for NBC in San Francisco, has joined Joe Santley on the new "Million Dollar Baby" script at Monogram. Adrian Johnson is putting the finishing touches on "Fighting Trooper" for Ambassador Pix. Ed Joseph is helping Mrs. Dorothy Reid write "Women Must Dress," which will feature a tie-up with King Charney's film concern.

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By VOXIE

JOEL SAYRE, distinguished scribe, whose "Rackety Rax" is still sung from coast to coast, joins F.N. staff. . . . Ralph Block, recovered from backache, back at desk. . . . Erwin Gelsey, on way from N.Y., stopped at many towns to let admiring citizens view his hirsute glory. . . . Lillie Heyward drops three pounds in spite of sweet teeth. . . . Carl Erickson's airedale has nine blessed events. . . . Ted Reeves finishes swell play, "Still Life." N.Y. offers pour in. . . . Ben Markson passes beer test. Can name brands with shut eyes. . . . Harry Sauber, ex-actor, replays his old roles as fellow scribblers look on enviously. . . . Recount shows Earl Baldwin loses election for handsomest lad in Writers' Bldg. Gene

Solow charged fraud, and proved himself elected. . . . Larry Hazard on vacash. . . . Jerry Wald goes for yellow ties and green shirts. Vanity Fair covering with fashion writer. . . . Warren Duff looks like Earl Carroll. . . . Austin Parker declared E. Phillips Oppenheim character. Drinks Dubonnet for breakfast. . . . Jules Epstein new member F.N. colony. . . . Bob Lee and his brother can't tell themselves apart. Brother often comes to studio by mistake. . . . Dore Schary sells play to Harmon and Ullman. . . . Laird Doyle lectures in Frisco. Tells women's club how pictures should be made. . . . Mike Boylan consorting with aviation big shots. Tech. experts on his new picture. . . . Del Daves happy about "Dames" success.

Writer Assignments

(Continued From Page Sixteen)

JOHNSON, NUNNALLY—20th Century
"Cardinal Richelieu," 1-3-4*.
JOSEPHSON, JULIAN—Fox
"Redheads On Parade," 2-3-4*.
LASKY, JESSE Jr.—Fox
"Hawk of the Desert," 2.
LAWSON, JOHN HOWARD—Columbia
"Maid of Honor," 2-3-4.
LEVIEN, SONYA—Fox
"Captive Bride," 2-3-4.
LOOS, ANITA—M.G.M. "Riff-Raff," 3-4*.
McGUINNESS, JAMES K.—M.G.M.
"Saratoga," 1-3; "What Every Woman Knows," 3-4*.
MAHIN, JOHN LEE—M.G.M.
"Naughty Marietta," 2-3-4.
MARKS, CLARENCE—Universal
"The Raven," 4*.
MARLOW, BRIAN—Columbia
"Lady Beware," 1-2-3-4.
MARION, FRANCES—M.G.M.
"Riff-Raff," 1.
MILLER, SETON I.—R.K.O.
"Puzzle of the Pepper Tree," 2-3-4.
MORRIS, GORDON—Fox
"Under the Pampas Moon," 1.
NASH, ALDEN—R.K.O.
"Kick-Off," 3-4*.
NATTEFORD, J. F.—Lesser
"Cowboy Millionaire," 1-2-3-4.
NICHOLS, DUDLEY—Paramount
"The Crusades," 2-3-4.
ORR, GERTRUDE—Mascot
"Little Men," 2-3-4.
PARKER, AUSTIN—Warner Bros.
"Farewell to Shanghai," 3-4*.
PIROSH, ROBERT—M.G.M.
"Snug Harbor," 1-2*.
RIGBY, GORDON—Columbia Release
"China Roars," 1-3-4.
RIVKIN, ALLEN—Universal
"Cheating Cheaters," 3-4*.
ROBERTS, MARGUERITE—Paramount
"Born With Wings," 1-2.
ROTHAFEL, ROBERT CHARLES—Univ'l
"Speed," 1-2-3-4.
SAXTON, CHARLES—Mascot
"Little Men," 2-3.
SCHARY, DORE—Warner Bros.
"Oil," 2-3-4*; "Racing Luck," 3*;
"Blue Moon Murder," 2.
SCOLA, KATHRYN—Paramount
"The Glass Key," 2-3-4*.

SCHUBERT, BERNARD—M.G.M.
Untitled Football Story, 2-3-4*.
SEATON, GEORGE—M.G.M.
"Snug Harbor," 1-2*.
SEFF, MANUEL—Warner Bros.
"Pleasure Pier," 1-2-3-4; "Gold Diggers of 1934," 2-3-4*.
SEGALL, HARRY—M.G.M.
"She Takes the Wheel," 3-4*.
SHEEKMAN, ARTHUR—Sam Goldwyn
"Kid Millions," 1-2-3-4*.
SILVER, SID—M.G.M.
"Broadway Melody of 1935," 1-3*.
SIMMONS, MICHAEL L.—Columbia
"Murder Island," 2; "I'll Love You Always," 3*.
STARLING, LYNN—Metropolitan (Walter Wanger)
"The President Vanishes," 3.
STEPHANI, FREDERICK—Paramount
"All the King's Horses," 2-3-4.
STERN, JACK—Universal
"Wake Up and Dream," 6.
SUTHERLAND, SIDNEY—M.G.M.
"The Casino Murder Case," 2-3-4.
TAYLOR, DON F.—Columbia
"Black Moon," 3.
TAYLOR, DWIGHT—R.K.O.
"Becky Sharp," 2-3-4.
THOMPSON, HARLAN—Paramount
"Here Is My Heart," 2-3-4*.
TUCHOCK, WANDA—R.K.O.
"Portrait of Laura Bales," 1-2-3-4*.
TUPPER, TRISTRAM—Warner Bros.
"Racing Luck," 1-2-3-4.
TUTTLE, BURL R.—Monogram
"The Man From Texas," 1-2-3-4.
TWIST, JOHN—R.K.O.
"West of the Pecos," 3-4; "Portrait of Laura Bales," 3-4*.
UNGER, GLADYS—Universal
"Cheating Cheaters," 3-4*.
VEILLER, ANTHONY—Paramount
"Florence Nightingale," 1-2.
WEAD, FRANK—M.G.M.
"West Point of the Air," 2-3-4*.
WELLESLEY, GORDON—Assoc. Talking Pictures, Ltd.
"Love, Life and Laughter," 2-3-4*;
"Java Head."
WILSON, CAREY—M.G.M.
Grand Opera Story, 1; "The President Vanishes," 2-3-4*.
YARDLEY, HERBERT O.—M.G.M.
"The Black Chamber," 1-2-3-4*.

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Conciliation Commission

(Continued From Page Seventeen)

committed by a third party. Settlement was made satisfactory to both parties. In the ninth case, although strongly indicative of plagiarism, the plaintiff refused to press the case. The tenth case is still pending.

In two instances, producers brought charges against members of the Guild for violation of contract. One writer made compensation to the producer and the other returned to the employ of the studio to fulfill the terms of his contract.

Also there have been numerous claims in connection with credits. In every instance the commission found the producers anxious to cooperate with the Guild in straightening out the difficulty. With the exception of three claims, still in dispute, controversies have been amicably settled to the satisfaction of the writers involved.

A few cases were founded on claims of unfair practice by producers. In one case the plaintiff refused to appear against the producer, and in the other instances the claims were not substantiated.

Many cases were charges of unethical advertising where writers failed to observe the "in collaboration" stipulation in the code of working rules for writers.

In one instance the agent who took the responsibility for the omission inserted a corrected advertisement.

Many cases brought to the commission were not claims for violation of the Guild code. However, the commission took them under consideration and in almost every instance settled them to the satisfaction of all parties concerned.

Present Company---

(Continued From Page Three)

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For a time, the motion picture industry, with its chain-theatre system, its block booking, its over-seating problem, its mass-production method, will continue in its timid course of making carefully deodorized, innocuous pictures which can be seen without harm by backward babies.

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Junior Guild

(Continued From Page Nineteen)

agreements will mean that between four and five thousand jobs a year have been gained for the extras, forty to fifty thousand dollars a year added to the legitimate extra's payroll, all of which can be credited to the Junior Guild.

We know that the colleges are helping support their football players out of extras' wages. We know that vacationists, and even society people, get a thrill out of extra work. We are hopeful that we can devise a plan which will direct these jobs to the people who need them.

Our most important duty to our members is to see that they receive proper compensation for their work. We have collected adjustments from every studio in Hollywood. We have called upon law-enforcement agencies to help us in these collections. The NRA Industrial Welfare Commission and the State Labor Board have been of great service. When no law covered the particular case, we have asked the studios to pay the claim in the name of fair play. The studios have invariably been fair. The Junior Guild has collected more than \$15,000.00 in adjustments for extras.

We believe this statement answers most of the questions at the beginning of this article. Now we have a question to ask each member: *What are you doing to help the Guild?* The Guild can only do what its members make possible by their loyalty and obedience to its rules. You must see that its rules are obeyed and respected, for only by the respect we show our organization can we hope to gain the producer's respect. From time to time you may find it necessary to change the Guild's policy, but the Guild itself is here to stay. In the future, defend the Guild. Tell the doubters what we have accomplished. The things stated here are facts and can be verified.

The Guild has a great work ahead. It intends to see that the actors get a fair deal from the producers. In return, the Guild must guarantee to the producer that its members are dependable and capable. We intend to be fair to the producer in all our dealings. When we reached our agreement with the Pasadena Police Department, Paramount would have been seriously inconvenienced had the officers been withdrawn from the picture. We immediately gave permission for them to finish.

One thing that must be made clear to every member is the fact that the Guild is not and cannot be an employment agency. It will not ask for employment for anyone. Its duties are to protect the worker and improve his working conditions. If the Guild ever asked for special favors for certain members, it would

Agency Committee

THE AGENCY COMMITTEE under the NRA Motion Picture Code, consisting of five producers, one actor, one writer, one director, one technician and one agent, has spent a great deal of time working out a Code for submission to the Administrator. Agreement was reached on all points except Article Fifth. The producer members voted for the adoption of a Code containing an Article Fifth limiting the right of an agent to represent a client except in matters involving business. The talent and agent members of the committee voted against the adoption of any Code containing such an Article and proposed to substitute Article Fifth giving the agent the right to represent the client at all times in the event of any dispute.

The matter is now before Mr. Rosenblatt for decision. It was agreed between all parties that future contracts between agents and clients must contain the following provisions:

1. A limitation to four, of the number of persons who may handle the client's business, naming such persons in the contract.
2. Release from the contract if no employment after four months.
3. Release from the contract if not four weeks' employment in six months.
4. Bi-weekly reports in writing to the client, of the agent's activities.
5. Arbitration of disputes between agent and client.

The actors and writers, respectively, were represented by Adolphe Menjou, Berton Churchill, Wells Root and Ernest Pascal, who were elected at the meetings held by the Guilds for these posts. Mr. Churchill was unable to serve in the latter part of the work and Boris Karloff substituted for him.

jeopardize the welfare of the entire membership.

The last, and perhaps the most frequent question asked, is: "What is the Senior Guild doing for us?" The best answer to that question is another question. "What are we doing for the Senior Guild?" There is no Senior Guild or Junior Guild, there is only the *Screen Actors' Guild*. When any problem is brought to our offices, it is considered from the standpoint of the welfare of every member. Many of the accomplishments of the Junior Guild would have been impossible without the cooperation of the Senior Guild.

When a contract is finally negotiated with the producers, it will be not for any small group but for *Every Guild Member*.

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THE cost of membership in the Apollo Health Club is at present \$100.00 initiation fee, plus \$10.00 per month service charge. All applicants for membership must sign for a period of not less than one year. In order to introduce the service and facilities of the Apollo Health Club to the public in Hollywood, the Executive Committee is waiving the initiation fee. Those joining now will receive the complete unlimited service for only \$10.00 per month . . . no initiation fee. The Executive Committee has the right to withdraw this offer without notice. The enrollment of members on this basis is merely to introduce the Club to the public.

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Paul Page	Jack Oakie
Simeon Aller	Pat O'Brien
Samuel Baerwitz	George Raft
Ben Bard	Joey Ray
Sidney Blackmer	Phil Regan
El Brendel	Harry Revel
Arthur Caesar	Al Rosen
Hobart Cavanaugh	Wm. Rowland
William Charney	Peter Ruric
Maury M. Cohen	Lou Seiler
Lester Cole	John Sheehan
Donald Cook	Sid Silvers
Pat De Cicco	Morris Small
Eugene Delmar	George E. Stone
Donald Dillaway	John Stone
Frank Young	Frank Strayer
Harry Brand	Barry Trivers
Herbert Fields	Harry Warren
Freddie Fralick	Alfred L. Werker
Walter A. Futter	Gordon Westcott
William Gargan	Walter S. Woolf
L. Wolfe Gilbert	Harry Wurtzel
William S. Gill	Jimmy Starr
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James Flood	Arthur Unger
Harry Green	Jack Benny
Jack Haley	Ned Sparks
Dick Hunt	Frank Mitchell
Allen Jenkins	Jack Durant
Julien Josephson	Will Ahern
Paul Kelly	Leon Gordon
Louis King	Sidney Buckman
Al Kingston	Harry Jolson
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Sol Lesser	Benjamin Stoloff
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